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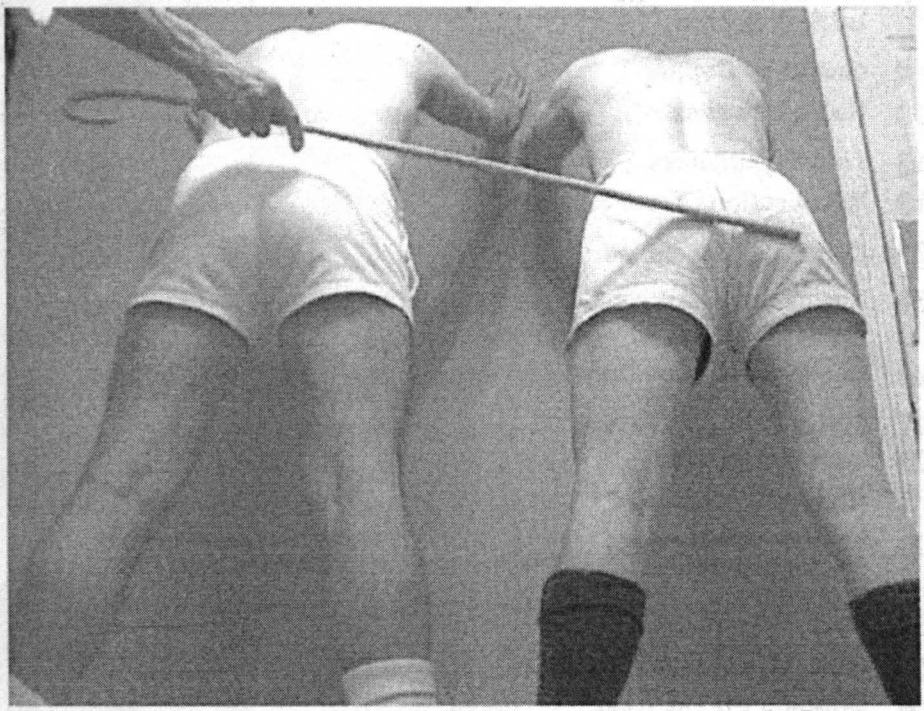

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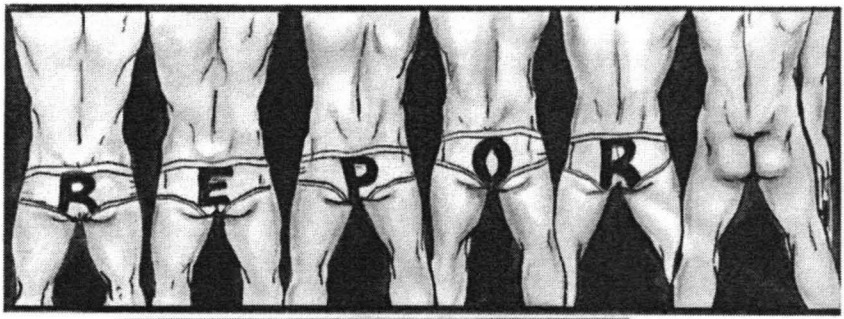

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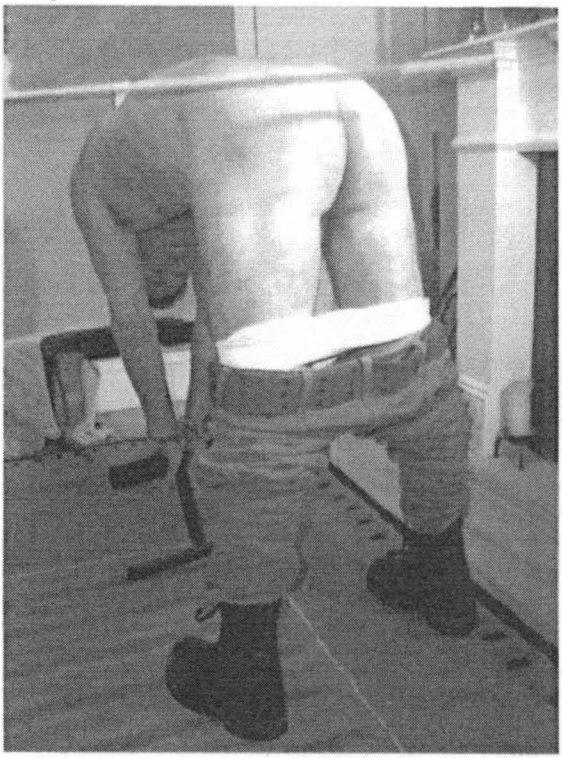

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The Captain's Table

By Paul Beston

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Captain Clarke and his close friend and colleague Sergeant Crighton stood looking out of the office window together. A drab green army bus was unloading its human cargo onto the equally drab asphalt parade ground.

It was 1960 and National Service was in its death throws but had not as yet been abolished. The busload of raw recruits emptied out onto the parade ground and waited in an untidy grouping to be told what to do next.

"Which one is Blackman?" the Captain asked his Sergeant.

"Over there Sir, in the grey jacket, ... Dark hair.."

"Ah yes!, I see him", Clarke replied, "oh yes, he'll be a splendid new member of my special squad. Let him settle in for a day or two and then arrange for him to come and see me on some pretext or other, ok?"

Crighton nodded knowingly. He knew the score, even if Private Blackman was blissfully ignorant of what his future held.

"And if there are one or two others....." Clarke added.

"Of course", Sgt. Crighton replied. "And the usual finders fee?".

"Yes, yes, I hadn't forgotten, just get on with it!" a slightly irritated Captain Clarke replied. He was fully aware of the terms of the deal he had with his Sergeant. It was a highly illegal arrangement which could have landed both men in front of a Court Marshall, but this was the British Army in the 50's and early 60's and the time when complaints of abuse and undo severity in training from Privates doing their National Service were listened to sympathetically by The Establishment, the Media or the Army itself were still a long way away. Clarke was in a powerful position and if he wished to give himself pleasure at the expense of a few squaddie's backsides there was a very good chance indeed of him getting away with it, as indeed he already had been for some time.

For Sgt. Crighton it was simply a matter of taking advantage of the situation and gaining financial and other advantages from his role as "fixer" for the Captain. Crighton had no love of snotty young squaddies (as he often referred to them) and his conscience certainly allowed him to turn a blind eye to the Captain's idea of fun. The eighteen-year-old Chris Blackman had been singled out by the Captain long before he had set eyes on the boy.

He had been tipped off about this particular lad's rugged good looks, but far more importantly, his Public School background. Boys from such a background normally either went to university and evaded the call-up, or if they wanted a military career they trained as Officers. For family reasons too involved to go into at this juncture, Chris Blackman had not gone to university and had ended up being enlisted to do his National Service. His record at school was a far from perfect one in terms of academic achievement or behaviour and he had been a regular visitor to the Headmaster's study and a regular receiver of a good caning as a result. It was in fact his old Headmaster who had tipped off his friend Captain Clarke

about this young man. The Head knew that Blackman was a highly suitable candidate for Clarke.

Sgt. Crighton left the new recruits to settle in and perform their normal drill, training exercises and duties for a full week before conducting private interviews with them. He held man-to-man chats will each and every new soldier in his charge, discussing with them their aspirations, career opportunities inside and outside of the Armed Forces, and so on. This gave him the perfect opportunity to conduct the same private discussion with the three squaddies he had quietly earmarked for Captain Clarke's special squad. The discussion would soon take an entirely different course when he spoke to these three individuals. If any young soldier smelled a rat and refused point blank to co-operate, he was in fact left completely alone with no reprisals from anyone, but the soldiers were not to know this and many in the past had felt obliged to accept the "deal" they were offered without resistance.

The "deal" was plain and simple, though the Sergeant always took his time slowly steering the conversation round to the bare facts. He needed the lad to have slowly grasped what was being asked of him so that when the time came for a yes or no response, he would be ready and willing to say yes. No soldier was told there were others being offered the same terms but the deal meant that in exchange for accepting occasional doses of correction from the Captain, in private and on the strict understanding that it "never happened", the soldier could expect to find himself excused the worst jobs that could be allocated to a squaddie; jankers, latrine cleaning and so on, he could even get extra leave days and be excused the longest "yomps" if he became a favourite of the Captain's.

To many lads it had seemed worth being given a good hiding once in a while if the rest of their National Service was an easy ride. They always believed, wrongly as it happens, that a refusal to accept the deal would mean they were singled out for unpleasant tasks and harsher "official" discipline in the future.

Blackman had listened carefully to his Sgt. And when the time finally came to make a decision, he ruefully rubbed his athletic bottom and agreed to the deal. If nothing else he was so hardened to a good hiding after six years of Headmaster's and Prefect's beatings that he did not have quite the same fear of six of the best as most other young men.

As well as Blackman, the Sgt. Had earmarked three other boys; a slim, fair haired seventeen-year-old, a very stocky but fit eighteen-year-old with a tough East End of London background (he clearly would not be the cry baby type) and a taller youth from a farming background. The taller youth refused point blank to accept the terms he was offered and threatened to report the whole business to the Regiment's Colonel! Whilst it was far from certain that the Colonel would even agree to listen to a mere squaddie let alone believe him, Clarke and Crighton were not reckless and the boy was allowed to go back to his duties. His case was in effect closed.

The other three had all agreed, and they were each given a time and day the following week to report to the Captain in his office. The need for secrecy was made clear to each boy and none of them ever told their barracks mates what they were involved in. In any event, it would have caused them to either become a laughing stock in front of their peers for agreeing to get their bottoms whacked, or could have triggered genuine resentment from squaddies who were still going to be doing the unpleasant tasks that these selected boys were going to be excused from.

All soldiers looked much the same in their drab green fatigues. The uniform was not designed to highlight the physical attributes of the wearer and so Captain Clarke replied upon reports from Crighton on how good a shape the selected boys were in. Crighton would

routinely and legitimately be in and around the barracks block when the squaddies were showering and he had a keen eye for a pert buttock. In truth after a few weeks on army rations and hard daily training, almost every squaddie was the proud possessor of a fit, muscular body, but there were still subtle differences between them,, and Crighton knew exactly what appealed to his superior.

It was Chris Blackman who was the first of the new recruits to report to the Captain. After knocking and being told to enter, he stood at attention in front of the Captain's desk.

"You have been told to report to me because I have received reports that you have been lazy and uncooperative during your field training", Clarke announced.

Confused at first, Blackman gave the wrong response.
"No Sir! I ....."
He was cut short.

"I will ask you again Private Blackman. Are you or are you not here to be disciplined for poor field work?!" Clarke asked pointedly.

Blackman now realised that he was required to play along and admit the imaginary faults. He replied in the affirmative.

"Good, good... now we are getting somewhere", the Captain continued.
"Well we tolerate no slacking in this Regiment, and I make it my personal responsibility to teach errant young soldiers like you the error of your ways.

"I intend to cane you!"

Blackman swallowed hard at this pronouncement. True he was no stranger to a cane across his backside, but this was different. At school he had usually received no more than six or ten strokes, here he had a nasty feeling it could be more and harder. At school most, but not all of his beatings were given across his trousers. He instinctively knew that the Captain would beat him minus the protection of his thick serge fatigue trousers. In short, he knew it was going to be a "bad" caning not an easy one.Clarke stood up, walked over to the far side of the room and threw open a large floor length set of green curtains. Behind them was another side room almost as large as his office, but furnished only with a sturdy oak table, an army locker and a simple chair.

"Go and stand ion front of the table!" he ordered, and Blackman obeyed instantly. Seated back at his desk, Clarke called his further instructions across the room.

"Remove your tunic"

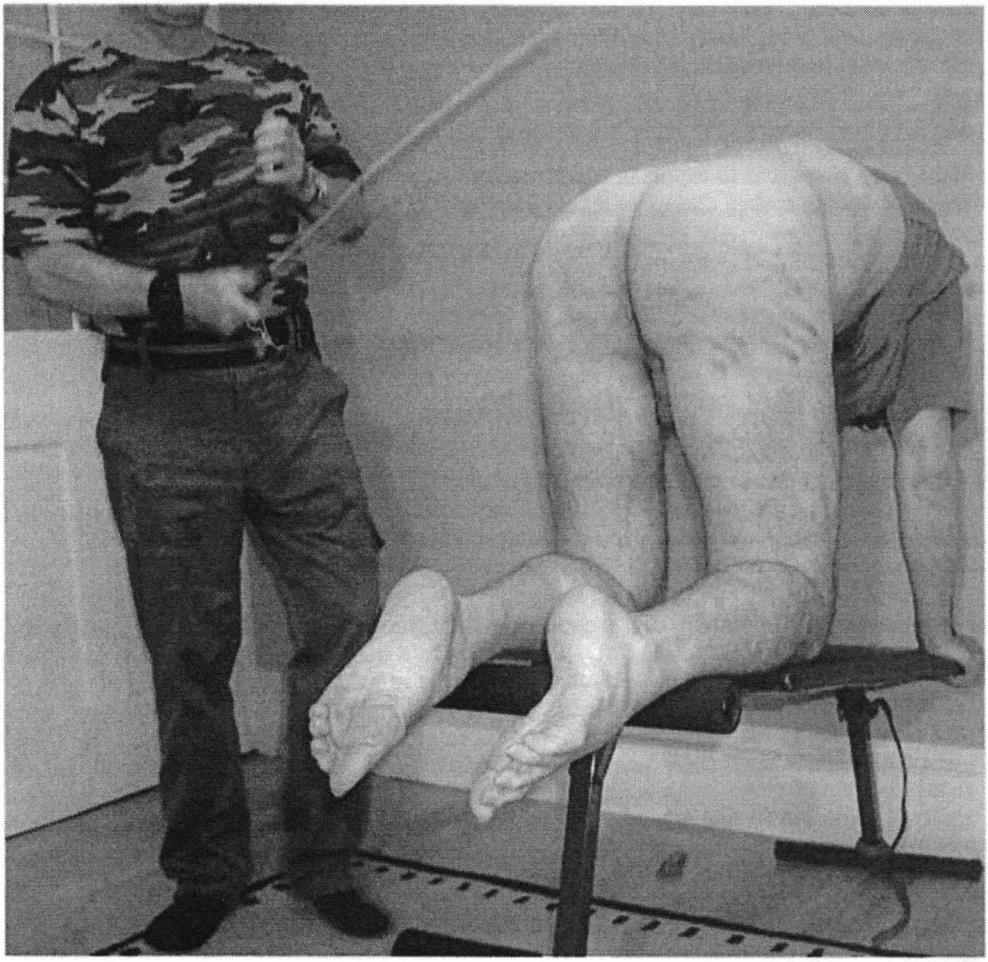
"Shirt off!"

"Vest!"

"Hands on your head!"

Blackman obeyed each on turn and stood naked from the waist up, only wearing his fatigue trousers, standard issue undershorts, socks and his well polished army boots. He spotted out of the corner of his eye that the legs of the table were bolted to the floor and that there were steel rings set into the table legs at various points. He realised this was a flogging table and that it had been used in conjunction with some kind of restraints in the past. He resolved to try and take his immanent thrashing well and thus avoid the need to be secured in any way. He was understandably very nervous now. He did not know how hard or how many strokes were coming, but his hunch about the trousers was soon proved correct.

"Trousers down to your ankles!" came the order, and hiding his fear and humiliation, Chris obeyed.
"And those boy... right down!"



The offending (and ill-fitting) undershorts were duly lowered and hands replaced on head. Blackman was to all intents and purposes now naked.

Clarke was in rapture at what he saw before him. Blackman was every bit the Public School sixth form athlete. His smooth body boasted the finest buttocks the Captain had seen in a long time (and he had seen quite a few!) They were supremely pert, muscular and firm, and yet just supple and cushioned enough to ensure they bounced and flinched appealingly when struck with a good cane. In truth Clarke desperately wanted to fondle these perfect cheeks, but that was a step too far, certainly at this early stage in his relationship with young Blackwell.

"Right Blackman..... Bend over the table...that's it, right over, grab the far side, you know the drill. Been over the Head's desk many a time I'm reliably informed".

Blackman did exactly as bidden. He stretched himself over the table top, grabbed the far side , lifted himself into a perfect canning position with his legs nicely parted, up on his toes and his bare bottom thrust out vulnerably. He never closed his eyes during a beating, he felt he coped better if he could see and hear all that was going on. He saw Clarke go to the locker and select a horribly efficient looking cane from the collection. It was very similar to the senior school ones he had been made to endure by an angry Headmaster and a cruel Prefect in the past, except this was a straight cane with no crooked handle.

"You will remain in position until ordered to rise. Understand?"

Yes Sir!" called out Blackman

"Ready boy?"

"Yes Sir!" came the formal reply

"UGH!" Chris stifled a pained grunt as a first stroke bit down hard across the very lowest area of his bottom. He was expecting the traditional first stroke across the crown or centre of his behind and this low stroke was clearly intended to catch him off guard and had succeeded. There was a good long pause, during which time the heat and sharp sting of the stroke continued to spread. Chris then slowly relaxed the muscles that had involuntarily tensed at the cane's first impact. This was where his school experiences came in to play, he instinctively relaxed his bottom and presented it stoically for the next stroke.

"Ahhhh!" he yelped. The long pause again, the intense searing pain, then the preparation for more...

Thwackkk!

Clarke was good at it, Chris realised. The strokes were moving slowly, neatly but persistently up the buttocks each time, leaving the bent-over boy increasingly sore and fearful of the strokes that would eventually scorch across the upper curves of his poor backside. By stroke eight Clarke was only just approaching the "equator". But Blackman was already finding it less and less easy to calmly relax his arse cheeks and await further punishment each time. He started to keep his bottom tensed a little, though this did little but invite his punisher to reward him with extra gusto on the next stroke.

"Yeaaagghhh!" Chris yelled in real pain as stroke twelve finally attacked the crown of his buttocks.

There was no long pause this time....

Thwackk! Thwackkkk!

Strokes thirteen and fourteen were cracked down in quick succession, leaving no part of the bending boy's bottom unbeaten. They were very hard strokes too and even the experienced Blackman broke at this point.

"Please Sir! The Private respectfully asks to be excused further punishment Sir!" he pleaded in as dignified a manner as his position and state of dress allowed.

"Quiet boy, we are not done yet! Be brave, you can take it" was Clarke's disappointing response. The now frightened and increasingly distraught young soldier then had to relax himself as best he could and wait patiently as his Captain took his time deciding when and where to continue the thrashing.

Crackkk! Another stroke to the under-slopes near the thighs.

Crackkk! The same again.

Blackman's eyes were watering, but he was not a crier. He gritted his teeth and found himself closing his eyes in an attempt to black out the intense pain he was experiencing. Not until a full twenty-four strokes had lashed his poor bottom was Blackman told to get up and dress himself. Clarke returned to the desk and produced a bottle of brandy and two glasses.

As Chris dressed he felt his swollen buttocks. He felt the ridges that he would have to hide from his comrades for the next few days. Amazingly there was not one graze, not one drop of blood. Clarke's skill with the rod and the thickness of the cane used had ensured that whilst well and truly caned, the soldier bore nothing worse than raised stripes. A week later there would be no trace of his beating. Resentful but already composed, Chris was invited to sit at the desk with the Captain and have a brandy to help him get over the shock.

Clarke knew he must not get too familiar with the squaddies he thrashed, or say too much, but he made it plain that the giving of such beatings to good physical specimens such as Blackwell gave him enormous pleasure (the sexual nature of which was only broadly hinted at). Clarke went on to say that it did the lads more good than harm and he extracted an agreement from Blackman that this was the case and that if anything thanks were due to the Captain for the caning.

Whilst this was not a sentiment Chris shared at all, he knew it was wise to agree. He was going to be under this regime for a long time and it was best to avoid giving the Captain any insubordination for which he could give legitimate additional punishments. A few minutes later Blackman was dismissed, having been given a chitty which gave a convincing reason why he had been with the Captain when he was due to be in the camp kitchens. He was told he could rest on his bed in the barracks for one hour to recover then join his mates. One look at his mates raw knuckled and fed up after a couple of hours peeling potatoes for several hundred hungry soldiers and Chris secretly grinned to himself – it was worth it, he might have to endure a damn good thrashing once every couple of months, but he could just about take it, and if he worked at it he might get to be the Captain's favourite "whipping boy" and thus extract further privileges from the old bastard.

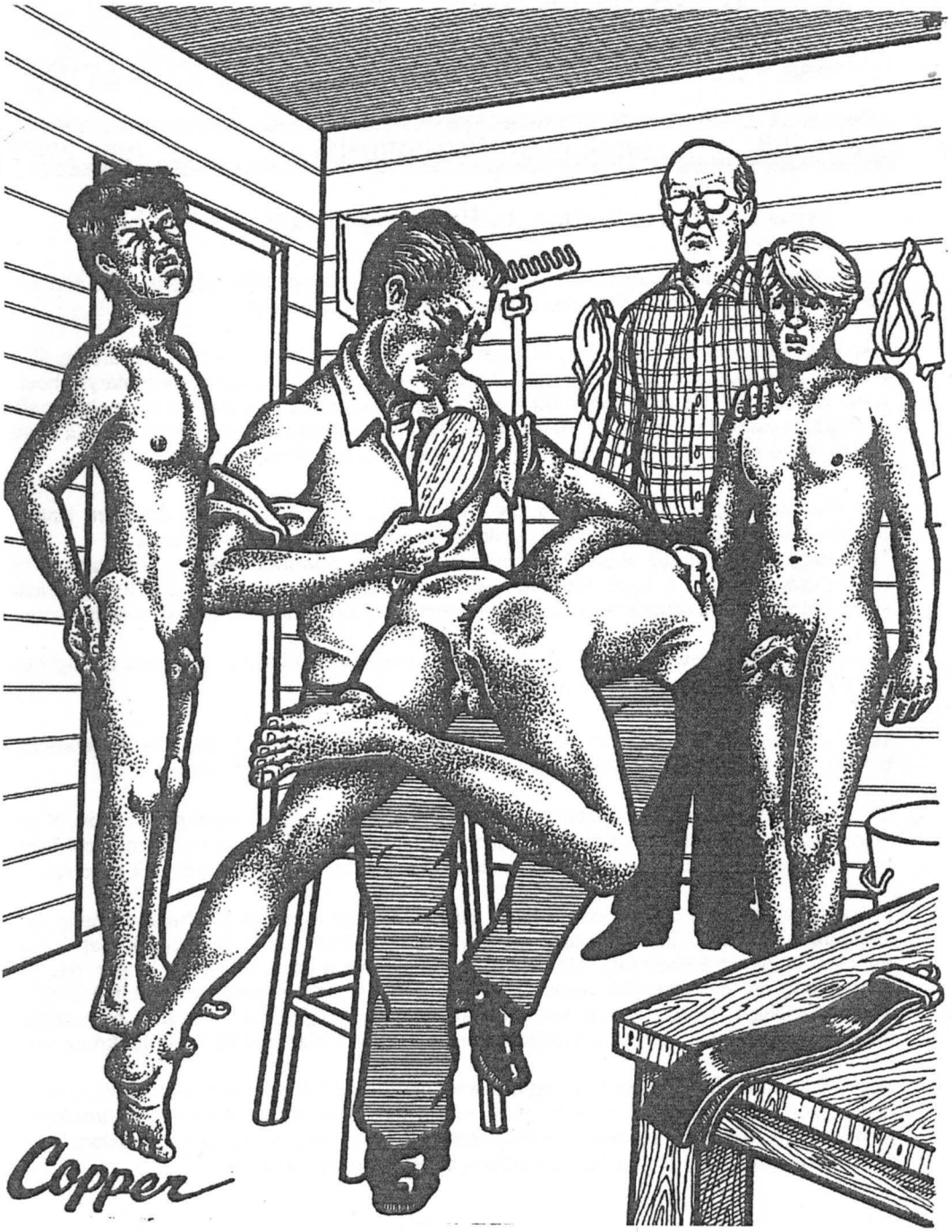
Little did he know that just three days later, Alan Pearson, the slim fair haired seventeen-year-old that Sergeant Crighton had earmarked, would be leaving the Captain's office drying his eyes. (Yes, he had cried for much of his beating, he was not as muscular or as used to the cane as Blackman and his first bare bottomed dose of it had been sheer hell for the younger boy).

Having recovered on his bunk for a good two and a half hours, (he was told not to leave the barracks until there was no obvious sign that he had been crying) Pearson too had to join his friends as they returned to barracks after their gruelling four-hour route March with full equipment.

Several lads made snide cracks about him being a lucky git managing to skive off whilst they had suffered physical hardship.

"If they only knew"... Alan thought to himself as he shifted his position on the bunk in a vain attempt to find a single inch of bottom that Clarke had missed with his cane. ▣

Comics by Copper



Nell's Newsdesk

Issue 105 reportmonthly@hotmail.com June 2001

New Legal Challenges to Paddling in American Schools

The longstanding argument in the USA between the pressure groups supporting pro and anti corporal punishment viewpoints has entered a new phase this month.

Two families in the tiny community of Zwolle in the Southern bible belt have separately filed charges of assault against the principal of their children's school, Zwolle Elementary school. A ten year old girl, Megan Cahinin was paddled by the principal. A second child, a classmate of Megan's called DeWayne Ebarb had been paddled no less than seventeen times in eight weeks at the school when his parents decided they had had enough and filed a lawsuit.

The pro-spanking/paddling lobby is still very strong, particularly in the Southern United States where millions of state school pupils still can be paddled if they misbehave.
The pro-spanking groups argue that they have two very powerful forces on their side; The Bible ("spare the rod & spoil the child...etc) and their own experience of CP. A typical viewpoint was put to reporters by the Superintendent of Schools in the Zwolle area is quoted as saying ;
"That's the way I grew up...that's the way society here has always been... you act ugly or you do something bad, you get a whipping!"

Twenty-seven of the fifty-two States of America have banned the use of corporal punishment, but that leaves an almost 50/50 split with the 25 who still paddle.

One legal expert recently pointed out that in the vast majority of legal cases brought by individuals against schools and local authorities who have spanked or paddled their children, the cases go against the parents and the Courts support the Principals and their schools.

Investigators into the Zwolle cases have discovered that whereas teachers normally use standard 3 inch by 9 inch paddles (usually made for them by the woodwork class!) the Principal at Zwolle Elementary, Mrs Rials, was using one a good six inches longer (i.e. 15 inches long not including the handle). It may or may not be significant that the District Attorney's Office , whilst clearing Mrs Rials after investigating Megan's parent's complaints, did see fit to confiscate or at least not to return Mrs Rials outsize paddle to her for future use.

Legislation currently pending in Congress and introduced by President George W. Bush's new administration seeks to make it harder for the anti-corporal punishment in schools lobby to prosecute teachers, schools and Principals. The new Bill would give educators legal protection from liability for disciplinary actions except in extreme cases.

The alternative view has been put simply but forcefully by Mr. Robert Fathman, President of the "National Coalition to Abolish Corporal Punishment in Schools",

"Almost every democracy in the world has bans on corporal punishment, but we are going in the opposite direction.
You can't whack a prisoner but you can whack a kindergarten child!"

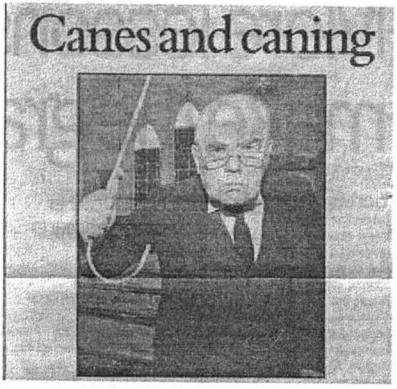
And a final word from another Zwolle resident, Pat Ebarb (unrelated to DeWayne Ebarb who got paddled)

"The Lord said Spare the rod and spoil the child, and I think he knows a lot more than those bleeding-heart liberals!.... A child needs discipline. I don't believe they ought to be abused, but if they need their behind "dusted" let them get it!"
And the debate rages on of course.

Times Educational Supplement Poll Result: Parents want CP back in Schools

The Times Newspaper's regular "Where Are They Now?" column featured "Canes & Caning" as the subject one day last month.

The photograph at the top of the article featured a fearsome, scowling and cane-wielding Headmaster who looks uncannily like our own Dr. Stern.



As well as reminding us that although the cane in our schools is history since the 1999 School Standards and Framework finally prevented even private schools from resorting to the cane & slipper, the article also pointed out that regardless of the 1999 ban more than 50% of parents poled by the Times Millennium Poll were still in favour of corporal punishment being reintroduced in our schools. The increasing concern about levels of bullying and pressure on school governors and Headmasters not to suspend or expel disruptive or violent pupils has caused even more parents to see the need for some enforceable sanctions against loutish pupils. A large number of Tory MPs and over forty Christian church schools are amongst those supporting the view of the majority of parents and actively seeking the return of the right of schools to resort to caning for serious offences Clearly a case of "the battle is over, but the war goes on..."

Paddling Detroit School Coach: Case continues

Regular readers will remember the case, reported in the April Newsdesk, of Joe Blankenship the Head Coach at Detroit's Murray-Wright High School, who was in big trouble after being caught on camera paddling several of his black athletes in front of the entire team.

Well, the case is now being investigated by the child abuse team of the Detroit Police Dept.

One of the seven boys paddled in that discipline session was Omni Judkin who allegedly received ten hard swats from a thick paddle with a 26 inch striking surface. When his mother took him to a casualty unit with severe bruising across both buttocks, the Doctor recommended that she report the incident to the Police and Social Workers. Omi has stated that at least one of the other six boys was beaten more than ten times, possibly thirteen swats.

Meanwhile Blankenship, the Coach, has been told to make no comment by the Principal of the school, Ms Sallie Polk. The Coach said that the Principal had disciplined him.... But did not mention how! The Police Dept. will be interviewing the Coach, Omi and all the other students in due course.

The incident raised the whole controversial business of paddling badly behaved children once again, and as a result people were invited to send in their pro-and anti paddling comments by email to a leading Detroit newspaper's website.

Here are just a few of the pro-paddling contributions (the pros seemed to be in the majority from what we read on the website by the way).

"Yes , I believe children need discipline.. it is mind-boggling how children today think, they think they are superior to adults!"

and

"Morals & Standards have gone out of the window!...
We need to re-establish the whippings & discipline of children we give birth to and indeed to other (wayward) children in our community"

and finally,

"Not only is paddling school students a good way to discipline them, but parents should be given back their right to paddle them at home!
Kids today are disrespectful, rude and get away with far too much because they know it is against the law for anyone to lay a finger on them & they use this knowledge to the fullest"

"God put it there for a reason!"

(the bottom? The paddle? This particular contributor didn't actually say what God put where, but we think he's a pro-paddling voter.)

Till next month....***Neil***

First Experiences

When I was growing up the ideals of behaviour was pretty straight forward, there were certain rules that I had to follow and woe betide me if I didn't! Minor crimes would earn me a good tongue lashing and possibly being restricted to the house for a while, the major crimes were dealt with swiftly and firmly by Dad in the time honoured tradition between father and son - he'd tan my backside for me.

This was not done an awful lot, a spanking was reserved for gross disobedience and major crimes, lying, stealing, cheating and laziness were the biggies and back talk could always assure me a session in my bedroom while Dad explained my errors to me.

When I got sent to my room there was a ritual to follow, one that I was taught at a young age and have followed ever since. The first thing I would do is take the straight chair from underneath my desk and put it in the middle of the floor and then I had to strip to my white briefs to await Dad's arrival. That wouldn't be too bad but I had to drop my underwear to just below my knees and sit there on the edge of my bed until Dad came up to my room, a foolish looking and humiliating position to be in. Having my underpants up wouldn't have been so bad and even being naked wouldn't either but being half and half like this made me feel really silly. I would sit there feeling my woollen blanket under my bare backside and it itched and itched both from the wool and from the anticipation of what was going to happen to it when Dad finally arrived.

When he finally got there, and sooner or later he would get there, he never forgot, he'd sit in the chair after closing the door and summon me over to him. I'd have to hobble over to him with my briefs still down although they would come off as soon as I was standing by his side. I'd get the lecture standing there naked, my penis pointing upward a little bit, until it was time for the show to start. Over his knees I would go and he'd explain once again what I had done wrong all the while laying down a salvo of stinging blows on my whiter than white bottom. It sure wasn't white when he got done with it, it could range in shade from watermelon pink to tomato red according to the crime and the length of the spanking but it really didn't make much difference, I'd cry and beg and kick like mad while he heated my bottom to medium rare temperature. Even a 'light' spanking was pretty nasty for it is the first, virgin spanks that hurt the most, spanks that come afterwards just add to the flames burning back there.

When I turned sixteen Dad decided that he was tired of wearing out his hand to wear out my backside and I spent one whole morning finishing off a paddle that he had roughed out for me. He had sawn the paddle from a nice piece of straight grained maple wood, bevelled all the corners so I wouldn't get cut by it, how considerate of him, and gave me the job of sanding it smooth. There is nothing quite like making your own paddle knowing that soon you will be feeling the results of your work on an area that you would rather not. Once I had it sanded smooth as glass he even painted my name on the thing so everyone would know it was mine. Just to make sure that everyone knew its purpose he painted 'Bum Bum Blister Blaster' on the other side of the thing so when it was hanging on the wall of my room in plain sight everyone knew it was mine and what it was used for. That thing still hangs on my bedroom wall in a place of honour to this day. Something that surprised me was he didn't have me put any kind of finish on it once I had it fully sanded, he told me that bare wood is best for bare hide.

Having the paddle hanging there was embarrassing enough, though once my friends had seen it and commented on it and even picked it up to look it over there was more sympathy than anything to think it was used to great purpose. It was the term 'Bum Bum' that got to

me, as a teenager I had a backside or a rear end, not a bum bum. That was a holdover from my childhood and Dad thought it was cute to still use it. When I was young he'd tell me that if I didn't behave I'd get my bum bum warmed. It was never really a threat, more of a promise that Dad always carried through. Its name was accurate, though, for it sure could blast the blisters to my 'bum bum'!

I'll never in my life forget the maiden voyage of the paddle, it happened about a week after I had made it. I was sent to my room to await a spanking and this time I got to gaze at my shiny new paddle hanging on the wall. Dad showed up in due time and took the paddle from its hook before sitting down and calling me over. I hobbled over with my briefs at half-mast and took them off at his command. There was the usual lecture and then I was over his knees, bare bottom upturned to feel the paddle for the first time.

Up to that time I figured that nothing in the world could possibly hurt more than Dad's strong right hand when he spanked me, boy, was I wrong! From the first smack of the paddle on my naked, vulnerable rear I knew that I was going through a new experience entirely, one that I didn't want to have! Though I found out later on in life that he wasn't paddling me exceptionally hard, every stroke of that thing just seemed to sear the skin off of my poor backside and I screamed with each and every stroke. Normally I would start with crying and move into wailing and howling when the spanking got hotter, I went right past the first two to howl with almost the first paddle whack I got. I was begging and yowling and kicking my legs every which way but to no avail, Dad tanned me hot and sore with that thing. When I knew that he was about to tan my hide right off of my butt with one more stroke he let me up to dance and cry around the room, rubbing my fiery rump to try to put the flames out. He calmly hung the paddle back up and left the room, leaving me to cry it out. That took quite a while; I think I sobbed for another ten minutes before the flames simmered down back there.

Outside of the embarrassment of having the paddle in plain sight on my bedroom wall, Dad was pretty good about keeping what tiny shreds of modesty I had intact, spankings were always private matters between him and me. He would always close the door before taking me over his knees and paddling my rump sore and red and close the door once my spanking was over and he left the room. I know it didn't make that much difference for the sounds emitting from my room could be heard all over the house anyway, the steady 'pock, pock, pock' of the paddle hitting my bare bum and my howls and wails of anguish and pain and my non-stop begging for the spanking to stop. Begging and crying never seemed to make an impression on Dad, he never stopped until he was darn good and ready to, normally after my rear was flaming hot and sore as anything.

As I said, he was always good about being alone with me when he spanked me except for this one trip.....

Dad and his brother were the owners of a fishing camp that they had inherited from their father, it was way out in the woods and you had to backpack all your food in. It was pretty crude all told, you got your water from a hand pump in the well outside in the yard, all cooking was done on an ancient wood stove and for the calls of nature there was the entire outdoors. My mother hated the place and only visited it once, I loved it. It became an all male camp after that one visit.

I loved the freedom of the place, going skinny dipping in the lake and catching a lot of our food in that same lake. The lake was about 100 yards from the front door of the cabin and I can remember many times dropping my clothes on the porch and running naked across the yard and diving into the lake to cavort around for hours in the cool water. Everyone followed the same routine at that camp and my uncle, dad and cousin would go swimming in the nude as fast as I would.

Most of the time the four of us would meet up at the camp for a couple of weeks in the summertime, my dad, my uncle, myself and my cousin. My cousin was about a year or so

younger than me and we had a great time at that place, running around, swimming and just generally having a great boy time. This was normally the only time of the year that we would get together like this for my uncle lived about two states away though the camp was about an hour's drive from my house. Dad and I would spend quite a few weekends at the place by ourselves.
The rules of behaviour were loosened up at the camp but never really disappeared and it was usual that fairly often during our two week stay that either my cousin or I got marched off for some parental guidance. If you followed a little trail behind the cabin you'd come across a clearing with a big old stump right in the middle of it, my dad and my uncle used to use it for a seat when they would take us across their knees for some hands on, and later paddles on, training. I spent quite a bit of time in that clearing naked while Dad would warm my butt for me and also heard the sounds of my cousin receiving the same kind of treatment from his dad, sound carries pretty well up there. We used to compare rear ends to see which dad spanked the hardest.
Come to find out the paddles that our fathers used so effectively on our bottoms were our dads' that they had made when they were thirteen, I guess this was an old family tradition being passed down to the next generation. My father's had his name and 'Rump Roaster' painted on its blade, my uncle's was 'Seat Heater'. Such cute names for tools meant to cause such great discomfort. At the camp I got my rump roasted and my cousin got his seat heated fairly often. One day Dad grabbed the wrong paddle on his way out of the door while holding me firmly by the arm and I got my seat heated by mistake. I can't say that I noticed all that much difference.
I'll say one thing about getting spanked at the camp that was a lot better than at home, there was no waiting and anticipating the spanking. Either my cousin or I, depending on who had misbehaved at the time, was simply taken by the arm for a march out back into the woods and in a very short time the rhythmic sounds of paddle smacking bottom and the wails of the boy that the bottom belonged to would waft through the woods. Of course in our younger days before we 'graduated' to the paddle our dads would be whacking our backsides with their hands and that sound didn't carry as well so mostly you'd hear just the yelling. We compared notes and the technique was the same, we had to strip naked which normally didn't take very much for we mostly wore shorts around the place, and over the knees we went for our spanking. The big difference was my uncle is a lefty, my dad right handed and because of that my right cheek used to get smacked more and my cousin's left cheek got it instead for they were the ones most in view and could get the full smack of hand or paddle on them. Our dads did get the other cheeks but not as well for they had to kind of backhand the stroke onto them.
Our privacy in this male rite was observed even at the camp, we were always taken off for that walk to get our spanking alone. Of course you knew what was happening but because we didn't see each other actually get the spankings it somehow seemed better. That changed the year I was 16 and my cousin 15. The way our birthdays work out this would be his first year getting spanked with a paddle, he had got to listen to it smacking my rear end all last summer. He had been getting the wood for about three months now.

There were not too many chores around the place, keep it fairly neat and clean and our main chore was to keep the wood box beside the kitchen stove filled. It was the method used to cook food most nights though sometimes our parents would light a fire in the fireplace out front to do a cook out. It was also the only source of heat in the cabin as well.
One day our dads took off really early in the morning for a days worth of fishing with the boat leaving my cousin and I alone for the day. My father had mentioned to remember to fill the

wood box and my uncle said the same thing to my cousin. That was all we had to do and it would have taken us maybe twenty minutes to do but we didn't do it.
We had a great time that day, just messing around, swimming in the lake and going exploring in the woods around the place. It was a wonderful warm day and we spent most of the day naked just for the fun of it. This was not really frowned upon for we were all alone up here, the nearest neighbour was miles away so it made no difference really but it seemed kind of naughty and thus fun. We knew our mothers would have a fit if they saw us running around bare so that just made it more fun, we were getting away with something. My cousin and I had discovered the joy of masturbation at about the same time although he was younger than me and we used to practice this whenever we used to get together, normally up here at the camp. We had found out that even though masturbating yourself was great fun, especially in company, having another guy do it to you felt even better. We used to play with each other a lot up there and had a great time doing it.
Once we came very close to getting our bottoms tanned because of that habit. We were using the outhouse first thing in the morning and after doing our chores took each other in hand for a little fun while still sitting there. We heard my father coming out to the privy just in time to drop what we were doing and of course a young boy with an erection while answering nature's call was nothing unusual and went unnoticed. Dad just waited until we wiped and pulled up our shorts before he did his own thing. We met my uncle heading out there as we walked back to the cabin, somehow we always seemed to use the outhouse in pairs, our parents together and us boys together, it just seemed the thing to do while at the camp.
We had taken a sandwich or two with us and something to drink and frankly forgot all about the firewood we were having so much fun. We played a dumb game of hide and seek that involved someone hiding and then jumping out to scare the shit out of the other and other dumb games like that, pretty childish but fun. Sooner or later we realized it was getting pretty late and we had better head on home so we put our shorts back on and headed back to camp.
Our fathers had gotten back before us and I don't think that I have to say that they were displeased because we didn't fill the wood box, highly irked might better describe their feelings on the subject.
"I believe that a lesson in responsibility needs to be taught here," said my father quietly.
"Yes," chimed in my uncle, "we have to show that when chores are given they have to be done and done right. Do you want the first turn or shall I take it?"
"Why take turns?" asked Dad, "They were supposed to fill the wood box together, it's only fair that they get punished together."
"Sounds good to me," said my uncle, "how about out on the porch?"
"Good idea," said Dad, and he walked over and took down both paddles and gave my uncle his.
We got marched out to the porch and told to take our pants off which we did. This was horrible, sure, both of us had been spanked in the past and knew it when we got spanked but we had never been spanked together! My face reddened as I realized that my cousin would soon see me crying over Dad's knees while he tanned my bottom for me, that would embarrass me no end. It got worse.
There is a long bench along the wall of the cabin on the porch, big enough for three or four people to sit on at once and lean against the wall of the cabin to look out over the lake. Dad sat down on the right end of the bench, my uncle on the left end and before we knew it both of us were over our dad's knees, facing each other! I realized later that they did this to allow free rein to our legs when we were kicking but for now all I could think about was I would be bawling right into my cousin's face that was about a foot and a half away from me.

It was just as horrible as I had imagined, our dads seemed to be trying to outdo each other and they really blistered our backsides with those paddles. Of course both of us tried to be brave and 'take it like a man' but that idea swiftly went away under the pain of the paddles and we cried and screamed into each other's face while the tears fell to the floor and our bottoms heated up hot enough to cook supper on. Neither father seemed to want to stop before the other one did so the spankings went on and on, heck, their spanks even got into sync after a bit so there was almost one sound as the paddles contacted our backsides. My cousin and I were not quite so tuneful though; the sounds emerging from us were discordant to say the least.

After an eternity the spankings stopped as one and we were put up on our feet. "You two fill that wood box now!" ordered my father, not even allowing us any bottom rubbing time. I reached for my shorts but was curtly ordered to leave them where they were so we carried wood into the cabin still naked though sporting the reddest backsides in creation. It took us about half the time we were hauling wood to finally stop crying from the spankings, they hurt that much.

It was two very quiet, well-chastised boys that ate supper that night standing at the table, still naked for our parents hadn't decided yet if some more teaching was needed. After supper they took a certain amount of pity on us and let us go and jump in the lake to cool down our rumps, I think you could hear the hiss when they hit the cool water even after an hour or so, my backside certainly felt that hot. It helped a bit but we still slept on our bellies that night up in the loft of the cabin, our bare and red bums mooning the rafters.

That was our first stereo spanking but by no means the last. Somehow seeing each other in the worst of all possible conditions, crying and screaming like babies while we got spanked, brought my cousin and I even closer together than we were before. If you can still like and respect a person in those conditions you are friends for life.

We still visited that camp for years to come, just the four of us, but there was a subtle change after that day. When it was time for us to get spanked we no longer were taken out into that clearing with the stump, we got spanked right there on the porch. Many times my cousin saw me naked and howling under smacks of the paddle in Dad's hand and I got to see him get it as well and just as often. The men started the idea that if a boy was spanked he had to stay pants-less for the rest of the day but that didn't work out quite like they expected for the unspanked boy would strip naked as well so the big difference was in the colour of the rump. Our dads would just shake their heads and smile at each other. Come to find out the same idea hadn't worked with them either and they spent much of their time at the camp running around in the nude.

Another change was our dads started to talk about the beatings they had received as kids, a lot of them right here at the camp and their dad sat on that same bench as they did. They never got to sing at the same time for they were alone with their father all the time but they did get to see each other wailing over his knees, sometimes while they waited their turn for their spanking. The men used to tease each other telling how one of the other used to howl when they got spanked and who got the most spankings and who got the hardest ones. Dad got his last spanking at the ripe old age of 24, my uncle 23. It didn't look good for us, I can tell you that for sure!

Somehow during every trip we seemed to get a chance to practice our harmony again at least once, more often twice, during the two weeks of the vacation trip. One memorable summer when we were especially naughty we sang in stereo no less than six times while our dads provided the back beat, or possibly backside beat, to our singing. My cousin and I called that 'The summer of perpetual redness' for that was the state of our rear ends most of the time. Good thing it was a warm year because I don't think that we had clothes on for more than a few hours that year because of our pact. One or the other of us was always

getting spanked and thus pants-less for the day. Not a single day went by that holiday that at least one spanking was administered out on the porch, maybe it was our ages, I was 18 and my cousin 17, an age well known for pushing the limits.

Our dads got so accustomed to spanking us together out on the porch that they started to call it 'choir practice'. Cute, just like the sayings on the paddles. There was a lot of four part harmony practiced out on that porch, my uncle and Dad provided the background music while I sang baritone and my cousin took the lead, singing tenor sometime almost hitting soprano when the paddle would find a really tender spot on his bottom.

We got to sing in harmony for the last time when I was twenty and he was nineteen, yes, we were still getting spanked at that late age, heck, I got spanked until I got out of college and moved away for good. I can't remember the reason now but both of our dads figured that a lesson had to be taught and we howled into each other's faces once more while the tears fell on the porch floor. The paddles still hurt as much as they ever did, our dads were still as good at using them and we still cried as loudly as ever though in deeper voices.

Somehow my cousin and I never did get in harmony, I guess we never will now. Practice doesn't always make perfect after all. We haven't been able to meet up at the camp for years now because of varying schedules of work but this year we all managed to get into sync so once more the four of us will be at the camp at the same time.

I wonder if the woods will once more hear the sounds of our quartet in action, it might be interesting. ✦

Recollections From School

Best Days of Our Lives

After the war I went back to teaching and took up a position at Castlerock school for boys which served a rural community. It was a warm summer's day and Form 3B were waiting for Music Appreciation to begin on 'Broadcast to Schools'. I fiddled with the tuning knob on the sturdy wireless but the signal was very weak.
"Smith! Grab hold of the aerial wire and stand beside the window".

The mischievous sixteen year old did as he was told but the signal was still fading. I gave Smith a chair to stand on and the sound boomed in. I sat at my desk and marked exercise books. The class listened with varying degrees of attention to the announcer with a plum in his voice. Then the music started. It was Tchaikovsky's 'Nutcracker Suite'. The boys had started to laugh when the title was announced but were quelled by one of my, be quiet if you know what's good for you looks.
The human aerial was also the class clown. The music and his elevated position became too much for him. He started to perform a parody of a ballet dancer. His mother, I discovered later, had dragged him along to see Moira Shearer in the film 'Red Shoes', was really to blame for what happened next. Smith attempted to stand on his toes like a ballerina and promptly fell off the chair. Fortunately the aerial wire detached itself from the wireless without causing any further damage. Valves were expensive to replace and still hard to get so soon after the war.
"Wretched boy!" I shouted. I'd faced the enemy at Tobruk but balked at fiddling with the innards of the wireless. The science teacher would no doubt repair the set later. I was very angry with young Smith.
"Out the front" I bellowed. Smith obeyed. I picked up a thin whippy rattan cane. "Unbutton and bend" I ordered the hapless lad. His back to the class, young Smith released his braces and the shorts fell to the floor. He pulled down his underpants and bent over. Thirty pairs of eyes inspected Smith's bottom. I raised the stick and slashed it across Smith's buttocks.
"Aaagh!"
'One', the class silently counted.
"Oh....oh...Aaaagh!".
'Two'.
"Please ..no more ... Aaaagh!"
'Three'
"Ow....please sir.. I'll be good... Aaaaagh!"
'Four'.
"No good writhing like that, boy!" I shouted.
"AAAAGH!"
'Five'.
"oh...ow.. ow..oh...not another one...please... AAAAAAAAAGH!"
'Six'.
"Now get back to your desk".
I then told the class to read a chapter of a textbook: "Life in Ancient Rome". Meanwhile Smith had got dressed and dragged himself back to his seat. The other lads having watched the six crimson weals spring up on his tender flesh, no doubt felt sorry for him. Tears streamed unchecked down poor Smith's face as he sat hunched at the desk, his bottom on

fire. Later in life Smith was to discover there are worse things to get over than a sore backside. Meanwhile, I was satisfied order had been restored to my classroom.
One of the boys who had observed the flogging was young Paul Davidson. Paul was the son of the Headmaster. He had great character but not being able to play sports or swim with the other lads due to his asthma was upsetting for him. He longed to be just a regular boy. This I gather troubled him a lot. He later confided in me about an incident that changed his life.....

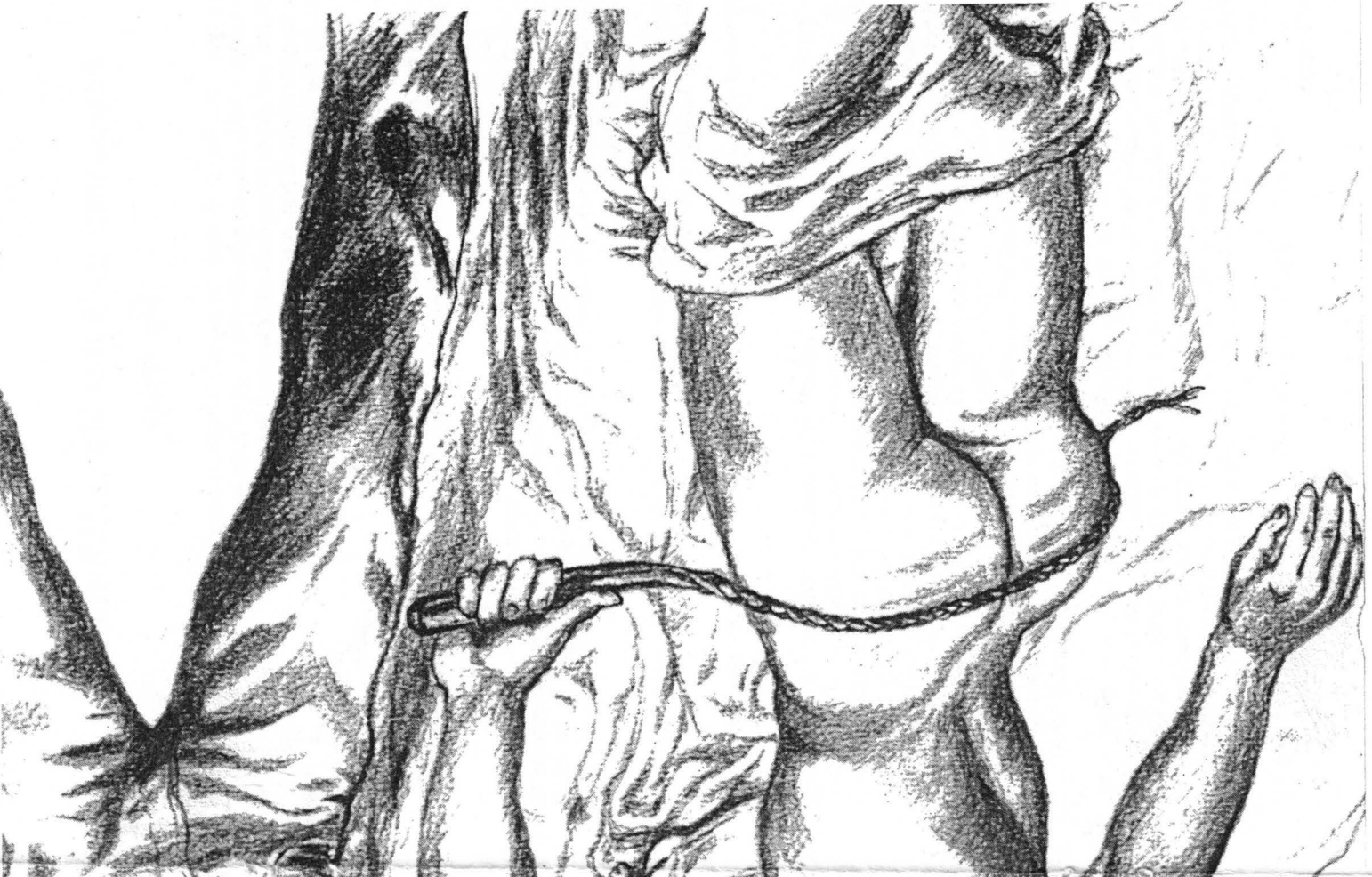
One day after school Paul was putting books away in his locker. A prefect came in and looked around him.
"Have all the others gone home?" the prefect had asked Paul.
"Yes" the boy replied. Whereupon another prefect came into the locker room and said to his colleague: "We've rounded them all up. Better get started". Without so much as a glance at young Paul, both senior youths hurried off towards the classroom block.
Paul then suddenly remembered the head prefect announcing at Assembly earlier in the day that an honour beating was to be given after school. Castlerock had played St Bedes at cricket the previous afternoon. There had been a very minor scuffle between boys from the two schools. The prefects decided to punish the lads responsible by putting them on their honour to come forward and take a beating.
Those prefects hadn't even bothered to round up the Headmaster's son. He was generally excluded from most of the usual goings on as noone wanted to be seen to be toadying up to him. Paul had apparently been on the sideline applauding the players. What made him so upset was the way those senior boys had ignored him. It was as if he hadn't even been there. Paul thought for a moment before closing his locker and then slowly making his way towards the classrooms.
A queue of about thirty boys stood silently in the corridor. As Paul joined them, four prefects each carrying a cane walked along the line and took up their station in separate classrooms. The prefect in charge of marshalling the lads sent in the first four. The unmistakeable thud of cane on boy-flesh was soon heard.
"They're giving six!" a boy near Paul said.
"On bare!" said another as one boy walked out of a classroom still buttoning up his braces. The lad's face was white and stained with tears.
Paul who of course had never been caned started to feel a bit apprehensive. The fearful sounds continued and were frequently punctuated by howls of distress. The four prefects certainly kept the line moving. Soon it was down to the last few boys. The marshalling prefect told them to undo their buttons to save time. When it was Paul's turn he had to hold up his pants that were too big for him. The classroom door closed behind Paul and he faced his punisher.
As luck would have it, the prefect was David Butcher, captain of the Rugby XV and already bigger than most men. Another prefect might have been lenient with the son of a member of staff let alone the Headmaster but not Butcher. He told Paul to undress and bend over a desk. When the boy was in position the prefect promised him 'six real stingers'. Paul's poor bare bottom had quivered at the thought of them.
Butcher then whispered to the frightened boy: "Yell if you want. That'd be music to my ears". The prefect had stood to the left of the boy. He swung the stick so it landed on the very tender underside of the boy's backside. Paul shuddered at the pain being inflicted. Time stood still for the boy. He was totally at the mercy of the prefect. The next hard cut landed on the crown of Paul's buttocks, the tip of the cane slicing a painful crater in his right cheek. Paul bit his lip to stop from crying out.
Butcher then waited until the boy was still before unleashing three hard strokes in quick succession. Paul bucked as waves of savage pain engulfed his nether regions. His obvious

distress had left the big, burly prefect quite unmoved. Butcher delivered the coup-de-gras: a powerful diagonal stroke which cut a fiery new path through the forest of raised weals.
"Pants up".

Slowly he got to his feet, pulling his underpants and shorts up with him. He looked at Butcher through his tears. The prefect bent down and ruffled Paul's hair.
"Well done, young man! Not so much as a peep out of you - no matter how hard I tried to 'tickle' your backside". The prefect's praise was genuine.

"I know your situation lad", the big prefect had continued, "But you wouldn't have taken it too kindly if I'd treated you any different than the other boys. The cane is supposed to sting and I reckon it did that all right. If that had been me at your age I'd have yelled the place down. So, what do you say?"
Paul's sobs had turned to hiccups but he soon found his voice:

"Th-a-nks, But-ch-er".
"Good lad. Now get off home".
The prefect opened the door. Paul walked along the deserted corridor and out into the sunshine. Butcher returned the cane to his common room. When he told the other prefects he'd just beaten young Davidson, surprise was reflected in their faces.
"I know what you're thinking", Butcher continued, "about him being the Head's son but, I'll tell you what, Davidson was the only lad there who thanked me for striping his bum. Reckon he was grateful".
That night, Paul Davidson had slept on his tummy. The beating from Butcher having given him plenty to think about. ◘



Townsend and the Mass Whacking

By Greg

Every year my boys' school hosted a rugby match against the local church school. The church lads were our visitors and came to support their team. It was always a hard-fought contest but this particular year a wrong decision by the referee during injury time cost our school the game. The senior boys looked gutted as they left the field.

I don't recall which group of supporters 'cast the first stone' but both sides pelted each other with gravel until prefects and masters stepped in and restored order.

Next morning at Assembly the Headmaster denounced the stoning. He reminded the rows of boys sitting on narrow benches that our school had hosted the rugby match and lectured us at length about playing the game. The headmaster cut an impressive figure in his black academic gown. He was a returned serviceman from the Second World War that had ended less than a decade before.

"The boys who let the school down so badly yesterday will wait in the quadrangle after school and pay a just penalty". He looked grim.

"A mass whacking!" whispered 700 boys. The excited buzz was quickly shushed by the prefects.

"Hymn 104, "He Who Would Valiant Be" barked the headmaster. I was just 14 but growing so rapidly it must have looked like I was in imminent danger of bursting out of my uniform serge shorts. After school I joined about fifty other lads in the quad. It never occurred to me NOT to own up to throwing stones. What I did was wrong and now I had to pay the penalty. That's just how it was in those far-off, innocent days. The prefects marshalled the subdued group of boys into single file. Country lads whose buses would be waiting were at the front, dayboys like myself in the middle while boarders brought up the rear. The line crept forward. All too soon we were inside the school building. Six masters were stationed in separate classrooms. The hallway echoed with sounds like rifle shots as canes landed on tightly stretched shorts. Boys with white faces and damp eyes emerged from the classrooms and hurried off to catch their buses. They had a most uncomfortable journey ahead of them.

The prefect at the head of the line very efficiently shepherded boys like lambs to the slaughter. When I reached him he said "Room Five". I avoided looking at the boy coming out of that classroom. My stomach lurched with fear. The door was shut behind me. Instead of the elderly Latin master half crippled with arthritis I had hoped for, my chastiser was to be the P.T master, young and very fit. His shirtsleeves were rolled up and I could see the ripple of formidable muscles. The sight of him made me tremble. He scythed a thin, whippy cane through air.
"Touch your toes!" he said. I tried, but my tight shorts prevented me from assuming the expected position.

"Fingers on toes, boy". He was growing impatient.

"Please sir, I can't. My shorts won't let me".

"Stand up!" Miserably, I faced him.

"My shorts won't let me" he repeated sarcastically. "Well, you'd better take them off. There are other boys waiting so be quick about it".

I flushed bright red. "Please sir", I swallowed, "I don't have anything on underneath". My voice trailed off with embarrassment.

"Why ever not?", he said with a frown.

"I lost my underpants at the swimming pool at lunch break, sir".
It was a school tradition that boys swam naked there. Another lad had hidden my underpants as a prank. I searched everywhere but was unable to find them.

The master glared at me. "I spent the best part of an hour clearing the pool's overflow pipe. Do you know what was causing the blockage?"

"No sir".

"The remains of YOUR wretched underpants!" he hissed. "Wait there".

He strode to the door and asked a prefect to come in. The senior lad was a boarder. The son of a wealthy farming family, he was the latest in a line of Townsends to be educated at the school. Tall and goodlooking he listened intently while the master explained the situation. I shuffled my feet and wished I was dead.

"Townsend will act as a witness", the master told me. "Take your shorts off and bend over".

He was going to thrash me on the naked bum while Townsend watched! I froze with shock.

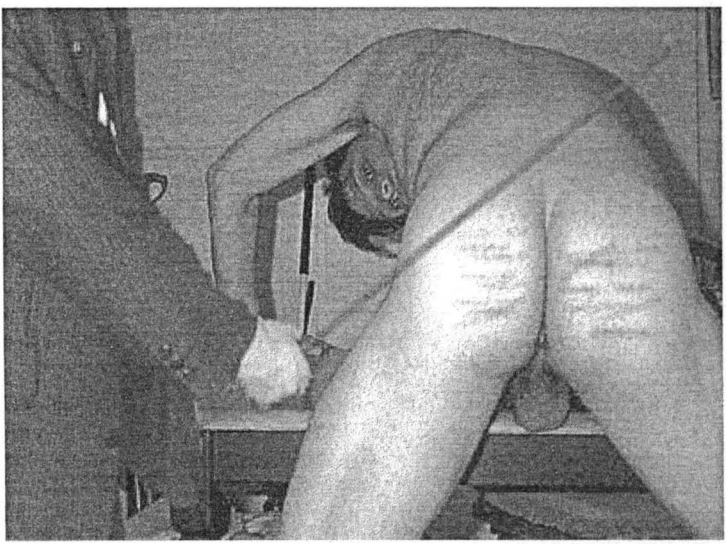
"Come on lad", the master said, "Stop wasting time. Do I have to ask Townsend to do it for you?"

Slowly I undid the clasp of my belt and pushed my shorts down to the floor. My fingers easily touched my toes. Townsend folded my blazer well back, clear of the target. I felt his firm, warm hands on my quivering flesh as he scooped the jacket up. He was very matter of fact about baring my bum but I still felt dead embarrassed.

I was no stranger to the cane and respected its power to hurt. The master was angry because my stray clothing had caused him to waste a free period. He was also upset by the stone throwing incident so he thrashed me very hard indeed. Without shorts or underpants to dissipate most of the hurt it was agonisingly painful. The master had a good eye and layered the first four strokes. Each one felt like a red-hot poker was branding my very tender flesh. The final two strokes were aimed diagonally, lashing each bum-cheek in turn. The pain was frightful, the stick carving testing new paths though the forest of weals. Tears stained my face. I will never know what went through the master's mind as he gave me the thrashing

of my young life. What was the senior boy Townsend thinking as he watched the age-old school ritual being played out before him? The cheeks of my youthful bottom, like two golden peaches were being slashed by a whippy rattan that left crimson lines in its wake.
Had Townsend ever had to bare his own firm buttocks and submit to a beating from an angry, superbly fit young master?

As for myself, the earlier feeling of embarrassment had been totally overwhelmed by what was now being done to my poor bottom. The thrashing went far beyond reasonable chastisement for stone throwing and losing a pair of underpants. Nothing in my short life had prepared me for this. Time itself stood still. The only sounds were the master grunting with exertion and the thud of rattan striking flesh. I had managed to stay silent until the ferocity of the last two strokes made me cry out loud - thankfully muted enough not to be heard by other boys waiting in the corridor outside.



"Up you get, lad", the master sounded regretful. The storm had passed. When I looked up he was examining the tip of the cane.

Slowly I pulled those cursed, too-tight shorts back up over my battered behind. It felt like a forest fire was raging down there. My knees buckled but Townsend held me up until I had recovered enough to walk. He kept his arm around me until we reached the door. As we entered the corridor he said with respect in his voice, "You're a tough little rooster". His big hand tousled my hair affectionately. "Now get yourself off home - unless you want to join the end of the queue again?" He grinned at my expression.

There were about ten boys still waiting in line. Townsend walked over to a small group of prefects while I dragged myself home, wheeling the bike I was too sore to ride. Alone in the sanctuary of the bathroom I inspected my backside. The raised purplish weals were an impressive sight. There were a few scabs of dried blood as well. Those painfully swollen globes would be covered with technicolour bruises by morning.

Later that night when I was safely tucked up in bed I ignored my throbbing haunches and thought about what Townsend had said to me. The 'tough little rooster' fell asleep with a grin on his face. ⊙

"Swish of the Day"

To compliment our long-standing "First Experiences" feature we have invited readers to share their present day CP adventures. The first is from a London reader who prefers to remain anonymous. Let us know about a special, unusual or outstanding CP encounter you have had recently

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I took an active, or rather a very passive part in an exciting CP session recently and I thought that maybe the events of that day would interest your readers.

I had arranged with my host (and punisher) that I would be given a time and date to report to him at his London home, and on that date we would act out a punishment scenario involving a young offender sentenced by an imaginary Court to a serious thrashing and that the "lesson" would only come to an end, not when a certain number of strokes had been administered but when the "boy" had been sufficiently reduced to squirming and pleading for the Punishing officer (as he was to be known) to think it appropriate to end the chastisement.

This means of determining when the punishment ended was daunting enough but when the letter containing the methods decided upon and the date dropped through my letterbox, that's when the butterflies in my stomach started in earnest.

I had seen my punisher before and so I was well aware both of his sense of fairness but also of his firmness and his unconcealed pleasure in carrying out the active role in any punishment scene. This time was to be a definite stepping up of the level of punishment though, and as a first indication of this the letter informed me that;

a) He would have the services of an assistant on this occasion whose exact duties were left deliberately unclear,
b) I would, for the third and final part of the proceedings, be secured along a low bench to ensure that nothing other than my punisher's decision could prevent the strokes continuing.

The preparation and dress requirements for me to adhere to were also unusually precise and there was a list of promised extra sets of cane strokes for late arrival, failing to have my buttocks shaved perfectly smooth for my punishment or failure to report wearing the required boots, white-T-shirt and very thin, worn and snug-fitting army green trousers without underwear of any kind.

Knowing what an ordeal already lay ahead, I made absolutely sure that I obeyed all these requirements to the letter. The cold air I felt on my thinly covered bottom all the way across town that day did nothing to calm me down, I knew only too well that my behind might just have well been bared from the start for all the protection my trousers offered without underwear.

I knocked loudly at exactly 2.30pm as instructed.

Moments In CP History - 30

The Time: 9 February 1973
The Place: Isle of Man

TWENTY schoolboys received six strokes of the cane each in a mass punishment following an official enquiry into the conduct of pupils on buses returning from Douglas High School to the West of the Island.

The incidents happened on Monday and Tuesday. On Tuesday night police stopped the bus at St John's and boys on the top deck were put off the bus. Mr Frank Luckman, the school's headmaster, said: "We conducted an enquiry into this matter, and I and my assistant head caned 20 boys who were on the top deck of the bus and had been concerned in these incidents. "This was a very serious affair and one not to be considered lightly by anyone. "A particularly bad feature was that some of the boys involved were fifth-formers and should have known better. "They should have set an example to the younger boys." Mr Luckman said it was fortunate for the boys that the matter was dealt with by the school rather than the police. Mr H. Taverner, the assistant head, said they had received a report about the behaviour of the boys who were all interviewed. It was felt that what had happened was dangerous and the boys had been punished. Apparently the boys on the journey from Douglas to Peel had been running from side to side of the bus making it rock dangerously.

Manx Star, Douglas, 12 February 1973. <u>Canings unfair say parents.</u>

PARENTS of boys from the west of the Island who were caned in a mass punishment at Douglas High School last week are planning to lodge complaints with the headmaster, Mr Frank Luckman, and with the police over the handling of the incident.

Twenty boys were caned by Mr Luckman and his deputy, some receiving six or even seven strokes after they were alleged to have "rocked" their school bus on the way home two nights running. Now a number of parents claim that their sons were not even involved, and others are incensed at the severity of the beating. One parent called the police to witness the state of his son's legs and buttocks on which, he alleged, there were cuts four to six inches long. The mass caning followed incidents two nights running when the driver of the school bus had to call for assistance from a police officer after boys had "rocked" the bus by running from side to side on the upper deck. On the first night all the boys on the upper deck were put off the bus at Crosby and had to walk home or hitch lifts. On the second they were put off again, this time at St John's, and on the following day they were beaten at school. The same evening they were lectured by Police Inspector F. Cannell before the bus left Douglas, and warned that any repetition of their behaviour could land them in the Juvenile Court. The journey to Peel was uneventful. The Peel parents allege that not enough was done to ascertain which boys were at fault. "People look at us in the town now and think our sons are all hooligans," said one parent. "It just isn't fair." It is understood the boys were questioned individually about the incidents by Mr Luckman, and each one refused to say who had been involved, so all were punished. Several who claimed they had taken no part in the "rocking" were caned for having failed to stop the others, and at least one who was downstairs when the bus stopped was caned because he had been upstairs at the beginning of the journey.

Our thanks to Colin Farrell's Research Website

To my surprise, it was not my punishing officer but another giant of a man who opened the door and towering above me, told me to follow him. I was led to a side room next to what I knew from past visits would be the room where punishment took place. I was told to get my coat off, use the bathroom if required and then knock on the door to the punishment room itself.

I did so nervously, and upon entering there was no sign of the Punishing Officer, just the assistant sitting at a desk near the window. He told me to stand in front of the desk with my hands on my head and I obeyed.

He told me that I was there because the Court had sentenced me to a thrashing and he was now going to take me over his knee and take a gymshoe to my thinly protected behind, and that this was merely as a warm-up to prepare me for my proper punishment from his superior.

He dragged his chair out into the middle of the room and I went over his knee as instructed. Without any further ceremony he set about methodically walloping me over and over and over again with the plimsoll. I have no idea how many swats I took, certainly over a hundred, and at one stage the door opened and from my bent over position all I could see was a pair of highly polished black boots and the bottom of a pair of smart serge police uniform trousers enter and walk casually about the room. I knew it was my Punishing Officer just looking in on the preliminaries. He left the room again but returned about ten minutes later, by which time my bottom was considerably more "warmed-up" and the room echoed to my owws and ouches. When he returned the second time I heard the assistant quietly ask if I'd had sufficient. I waited hoping that Sir would agree.

"No, give him another five minutes worth , then stop" came the reply and as he left the room again, his assistant did just that, delivered another full five minutes worth of bottom-heating torment.

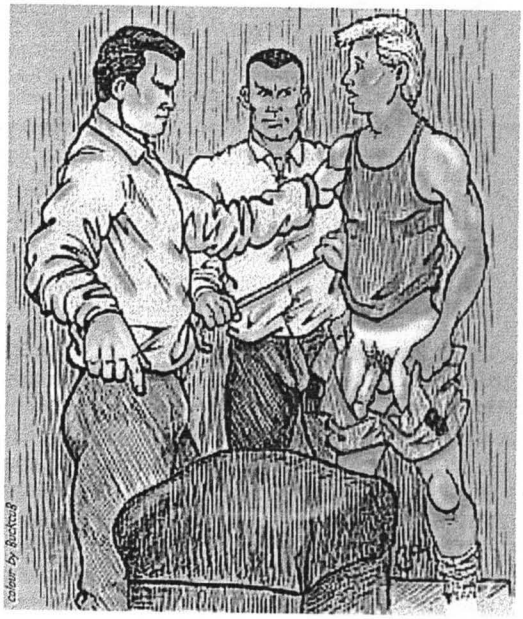
When I was finally allowed up I was made to stand in front of the desk, hands on head and wait in the room alone. I had a chance to look around and all there was in the room was a mattress in one corner, the desk and chair, and a long hard low bench.
On the mattress were lined up a worryingly efficient looking set of straps, tawses, canes and that nasty gymshoe. There were also two webbing army belts rolled up.

I was left to stand still in this cold damp room for a full half hour and although I could cheat and lower my hands from my head, and so on, I had to be careful and be ready to return to my position the very second I heard any sounds of either of my tormentors returning.

Eventually it was the assistant who entered, and standing back behind the desk he informed me, or rather reminded me that the second part of the sentence would now be administered, I was to be caned and hard!

He instructed me to bend fully over the desk, hands grabbing half way down the legs on the far side, my legs wide apart, chest firmly flat on the desktop. He then straddled my head and put his hands lightly on my shoulders, ready to hold me down forcibly if it suddenly became necessary. Then the P.O. entered and I heard a cane being selected and tested.
"Twenty Four Strokes" he said firmly and then the first six of those 24 were delivered efficiently to my poor bottom one after the other.

After six I felt the assistants grip on me ease off and then they swapped places. A different cane was selected and now the assistant administered six scorchers whilst me head was kept squarely between the legs of the P.O.'s serge trousers. The caning by the assistant was if anything harder, it was certainly less accurate and virgin areas of my thighs were now ruthlessly beaten. I started to yell out, partly in pain, partly in anger at this unwarranted caning below the buttocks, but I was firmly held and incapable of in any way preventing their delivery. Six more from the P.O. then followed after which he swapped again, this time encouraging his assistant with the terrifying words" Final Six..... give them as hard as you please!"
And he did. My trousers spared me nothing. I experienced the full pain of a heavily administered senior weight cane and it was hell.



Dazed and hurting, I was left alone with just the assistant briefly. He made me remove and fold me trousers, and then sent to a corner of the room to stand hands on head with my now badly welted arse and thighs on display. I was left like that for three quarters of an hour, during which time the damp, cold and my post-beating pains combined to induce feelings of cramp and genuine terror of what I knew was still to come; a thrashing with straps and tawses until my submission was completely apparent. I had been advised hat anything less than tears and abject pleading were unlikely to have any effect on my punishers during this last phase. And so it turned out to be.

I was, after forty five minutes escorted over to the bench by the assistant, the army webbing belts were used to secure me firmly by the wrists and then I was systematically thrashed by both men, using different straps on any area of my buttocks that took their fancy. I yelled, I tried to twist and turn, but my movements were very effectively restricted by the ties on my wrists and when my struggles became wild, one of them held me still by the ankles whilst the other flogged me. I was a defeated, thrashed individual when I was eventually allowed to get up, still trembling and get my trousers and boots back on.

I left the premises well and truly punished. Lets leave it at that. Hard feelings? The flank and thigh strokes were uncalled-for but no, most of what was delivered had been pre-agreed and I have little doubt that after a suitable recovery period I shall receive another summons from the "court" and I will report as instructed, this time knowing all too well that I will not come out of that ominous black front door until I have been through a very convincing corporal punishment session indeed.

All true guys, anyone else had similar or equally impressive correction of late? I'd love to hear about it

(And so would we all.... Neil)

Dr. Stern's Letterbox

June 2001

Dear Dr. Stern,

I guess it's not a completely serious question but I thought it might be fun to ask anyway...With a General Election immanent, is one of the three major Parties (or even o more left-field Party perhaps?) actually giving any encouragement to those of us who feel that the sooner corporal punishment was reintroduced in our secondary schools the better? I know the Tories used to be the "hang 'em, cane 'em, birch 'em" Party but you don't hear such views openly expressed by any leading politicians these days.
I ask because I'd happily give my vote to anybody who had the sense to restore what was just about the only sanction to ever alter the behaviour of unruly youths.

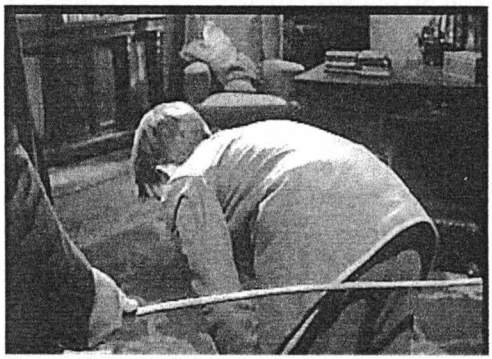
I. K. (Lincs)

Dr Stern replies;

Well, your letter is nothing if not topical. I imagine that by the time this column goes into print we should be within days of the election. Sadly, whilst there are certainly some Conservative Members of Parliament, and indeed some "old values" Labour MP's who are known to be in favour of the use of cane & slipper as a last resort, they are usually far too aware of what is & is not politically correct to openly advocate a return to the rod.
Of course many, many voters want it back in schools, not least because stories of vicious bullying now fills our newspapers on a regular basis.

I see from an article in Neil's Newsdesk this month that the number of parents in favour of the cane has remained pretty constant for the last thirty years or more, and they remain in the majority, but in these days of looking over our shoulder to Brussels, Strasbourg & so on the whole time, I think it unlikely that any major political party will support this viewpoint.

I am guessing here, but I imagine the Liberal Party would rather provide free luxury cruises for "misunderstood" hooligans & disruptive aggressive school pupils that even consider the merits of thrashing their behinds until they behave themselves.
Mr Blair apparently smacks his lads when they are naughty so who knows, perhaps he secretly finds a six-of-the-best response to rowdyism at school less objectionable than he can publicly admit?



Dear Dr. Stern,

The young man (in his early twenties) that I see on a fairly regular basis to spank him is becoming increasingly immune, or should I say, toughened to my spanking. I realise this is inevitable if he gets it frequently, and he does.

I do not want to take the obvious next step and upgrade his punishments to the use of a belt or a cane, but I cannot physically hand spank him any longer or harder than I do already. After a good half hour over my knee and a second say fifteen minute dose before he leaves to go home, my arm muscles and my hand are aching. No complaints on that score – his bottom is a delight to smack and we both enjoy the sessions, but he is starting to enjoy it that bit too much & I feel I must find a way or restoring the sense of disgrace & genuine discomfort that once came over him when instructed to lower his trousers and pants and get over my knee.

Over to you Doctor!

(Name & address withheld as requested)

Dr. Stern replies,

I am aware of the syndrome. I do, perhaps surprisingly, understand if you do not wish to escalate the young man's spankings into harsher punishments such as a caning.

So, no less than three suggestions for you;

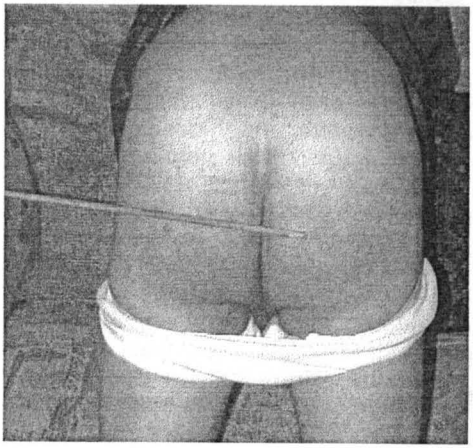
I know you enjoy hand spanking, but how about surprising him next time and before you take him over your knee to spank him, lead him over the back of an armchair and produce a slipper & give his clothed or bare bottom just six really sharp smacks with the slipper.

THEN take him over your knee and spank by hand as usual. You might find that starting on an unexpectedly slippered behind has made him less smugly aware of what is in store for him and the spanking may feel just that little bit more intense than usual without any extra strain on your muscles.

Another little tip... have a like-minded friend, or even two friends visit you. Have them arrive a good half hour before the boy and don't let them leave their cars on the drive etc or their coats on show in the hall. When your boy arrives instruct him to strip to just his underpants immediately, in the hall as you intend to spank him at once. He'll obey of course and be over your knee when suddenly he realises two complete strangers are in the room and will watch and hear his every squeal, every flinch. I think you'll find he blushes at both ends under his new & undignified situation.

Make him shower before going home and give your usual second spanking for 15 minutes but administer it in the bathroom to his wet bottom. Again, no extra effort to you, but I think the boy will find it a less easily brushed off spanking experience. Write and let me know if these or any other ideas had your boy feeling a little less sure of himself.

Dr. Stern



The Discipline Files

Continuing our series of articles that first appeared in the Canadian magazine *Justice Weekly.*

This Month: The Whip-Master Part 2

For some time now I have wanted to write you a letter which would give you the other side of corporal punishment as the great majority of letters so far have been recipients. I regard myself as one who specializes in giving not receiving and you could very well call this letter, 'confessions of a Whip-Master.

As a result of my training in languages, I became an intelligence officer in the British Army and carried out a number of hazardous assignments.
While serving with the Eighth Army in Italy I was a Liaison Officer with the Italian Partisans. One of my duties was prisoner interrogation and for this purpose I spent a good deal of time at Partisan Headquarters
The partisans had their own way of interrogating their prisoners, which would not be countenanced by our army. I sometimes went to the prisoner compound to watch. I remember one incident in particular.
When I entered the room where these interrogations were usually carried out I found three or four Partisan NCO's working over a German corporal who had been captured a few days earlier.
This chap had already caught my eye when he was brought to me for initial formal questioning. He was a typical product of arrogant Nazi youth, blond, handsome, built like a Greek God, clad only in his summer drill shorts and boots.
Perhaps it was those ridiculously brief, tight German shorts which prompted me to bestow a patronising pat on the young prisoner's buttocks. Again the old feeling arose. I had him dismissed abruptly.
But I could not stay away from him. Now, in the interrogation room they had him strapped to a punishment triangle. Bare to the waist, his arms were tied to the top, his feet spread apart were tied to the bottom.
The Partisan sergeant was lacing his shoulders with a whip made of knotted cords, so already his back was dappled with blood. But still he would not talk.
Then, as I watched, I felt myself overcome by long unsatisfied desires. I told myself that this was a stubborn prisoner. We had to make him talk. I was resolved to take part. Telling the sergeant to desist, I ordered the prisoner to have his feet unbound and his shorts removed. Then, naked apart from his boots he was strapped to the frame again. I removed the wide, heavy officer's belt, a Sam Browne, which I wore.
Taking my position behind the prisoner I briefly caressed his buttocks. Again my hand felt good. With a sigh, almost of relief, I raised the heavy strap and struck. First the buttocks, together and separately, then the broad muscular thighs. A groan escaped from the young corporal. He began to swear softly in German. A few more strokes licking at the sides of his thighs. Then he asked to be cut down.
"I will talk to the English Captain," he said.
But I did not cut him down straight away. I told the approving Partisans that I intended to make sure he told everything. But in reality I wanted to enjoy to the full my newly found role.

Never had I had such a mature, satisfying victim. A sensation swept through me as I continued flogging until I saw the big swollen buttocks quiver and begin to ooze a trickle of blood. Then I ordered the blond German cut down.
Incidentally, my action was justified as the prisoner gave me all the information we desired, saying he would only surrender to the English captain and never to the 'dirty partisans.'
As a matter of fact, once he had given in, all the fight went out of the German lad and I employed him as my batman.
He served me well and earned my regard by his philosophic acceptance of his role. German boys are accustomed to CP – Karl had had a taste of it in the Youth Movement and he accepted me now as his Whip-Master.
After the war I returned to England but encountered business difficulties and returned to Toronto. A couple of years went by with no reoccurrence of my old urges. Then one night I was in a bar and noticed a familiar figure draped over the bar. He was a young blond chap wearing those similar shorts which I had not seen since I was overseas.
It was Karl of all people and he had passed out cold. Apparently he had not paid for his drink and had no money in his pockets. The barman was going to call the Police but I intervened, got him out to a taxi and took him up to my place. There I managed to sober bring him round and he seemed genuinely glad to see me.
Karl had had bad luck since arriving in Canada having been fired off one construction job after another.
Suddenly he said to me, "Sir, do you still have that belt you used to beat me because I think I need it."
I did not lift a finger. I was so surprised. Then I reflected that being beaten, like beating is perhaps a drug that becomes a necessity.
The he removed his shirt and shorts, standing before me naked and muscular, his young body tanned and matured by hard physical labour. The old feeling awakened.
"Yes, Karl," I answered softly and went to the cupboard, taking down my old Sam Browne.
I fetched some cord from the kitchen and bound his wrists together. Stretching the big blond down on the bed, I secured the rope from his wrists to the top of the bed. Then I tied each of his feet to the posts at the bottom. It was like the old triangle at the interrogation centre. I placed a pillow under his stomach and another under his head.
All those years of pent up feelings were released. I beat him like one possessed until the young body was a sobbing, heaving, and convulsive mass of pain. I beat him until I was exhausted then collapsed onto the couch.
When I awoke I went into the bedroom and was appalled at what I had done to the bruised and welted lad still tied there. I freed him and helped him bathe and treated his sores. I resolved never to get that carried away again, nor have I. But to Karl I said not one word of apology.
With his old military bearing he stood to attention before me before putting on his shorts. He saluted smartly. "Thank you Sir," he said. We never referred to the incident again. I still see him occasionally and we are on the best of terms. But nothing further has passed between us, I cannot now repress the old feelings awakening again after so long. For a time I think I have forgotten all about them and then I am drawn back to the bar where lads like Karl meet. Soon I find myself drawn into conversation on these matters.
Sometimes, a young chap, often old enough to know better, sheepishly confesses in a whisper that he too, "needs a touch of the belt."

If he is goodlooking, well-built and fills out the seat of his jeans nicely, I may pay the bill and take him home. What happens then is the old story. *

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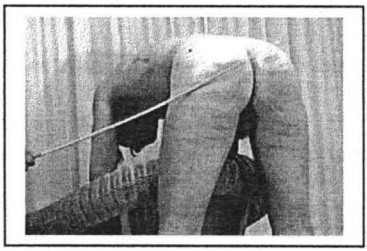

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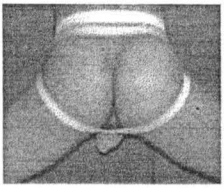

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From The Study

The Good Old Days

When I completed my university degree, teaching was still seen as a dignified profession and a career certainly worthy of pursuit. However if I was leaving university today I very much doubt whether I would even consider it as a career. In my latter years as a Headmaster and certainly in retirement I have observed the gradual decline in standards, morality and discipline, throughout our society – a societal decrepitude symptomatic of a general lack of respect for people, possessions and principles.

And what is the underlying cause of this social turpitude? In one word – indiscipline. For centuries both parents and teachers knew that in the absence of discipline (or hard love as it is sometimes called) children will grow up spoilt, without knowing their behavioural boundaries and ignorant of the need to respect their elders and the norms of society. The laissez faire approach foist over the last 30 years by liberal politicians and so called human rights activists on society in general and on the teaching profession in particular, is the root cause of many of today's problems.

When I was a Headmaster a pupil knew his place, whether it was standing up to attention when a teacher entered a classroom or touching his toes to receive just retribution for misbehaviour. A reintroduction of the disciplined approach to child upbringing, which includes corporal punishment as a last sanction is, I believe, necessary if we are to stop the steady decline to total immorality if not social anarchy.

Many youngsters reading these memoirs will have had the misfortune to experience the modern namby-pamby approach to teaching and dealing with disruptive elements in class. For them I decided that it might be highly educational to recall some of my experiences as a Headmaster of the old school who, over twenty years, was responsible for the education of more than 7000 schoolboys. By far the vast majority of these pupils have grown up to be responsible citizens and pillars of society. If you were to ask them why they would probably blame it on their education in general and old Mr. Spockings their Headmaster in particular.

They respected me and it was a respect I earned because I was firm bur fair, because I enforced the rules without exception, because I rewarded effort and excellence and because, for those who deserved it, I administered punishment, each according to his needs and deserts. I was the only member of staff allowed to apply corporal punishment and, contrary to the stories of profligate beatings such schools meted out according to the liberal anti-caners, out of a school of more than 1200 boys I usually only had to deal with between two and five boys each day after assembly. Perhaps a total of twenty boys a week, less than 1% of the total, and not all of these received corporal punishment.

However, those that did received a sufficient dose of slipper, strap or cane, applied to their seats of wisdom, to make it difficult to sit for a couple of days and so serve as a painful reminder to mend their ways. Most pupils who received such corporal punishment did not return again to my study. Some however might make two or three visits a year and a select few recalcitrant boys might visit once or twice a month. I thought it might be of interest to review some of these different types of boy, their circumstances, their misdemeanours and my ways of dealing with them. Fortunately I still have my old Punishment Book in which I maintained a record of all disciplinary actions involving corporal punishment plus anecdotal statements and I have used its entries to help jog my somewhat ailing memory. I trust that

the following reminiscence will prove to be interesting, informative and instructive for those of you who would like a return of the "Good Old Days".

Punishment Book Entry Monday 14 February 1965 A cold, frosty Valentines Day but after School Assembly I found that warming the rears of two boys from Form 2C soon got my circulation going and warmed me up for the day.

DATE NAME OFFENCE PUNISHMENT COMMENTS

14.2.65 *Adrian RichardsForm 2C Throwing paper darts with rude and suggestive messages into the Girls' School 12 with the slipper; 8 with the cane– across underpants A double dose for being cheeky and telling lies.*
14.2.65 Nigel ThomasForm 2C Throwing paper darts with rude and suggestive messages into the Girls' School 12 with the slipper; 8 with the cane– across underpants A double dose for being cheeky and telling lies.

Being Valentines Day, Adrian Richards and Nigel Thomas thought it would be amusing to make a score or so of paper darts on which they had written some very rude and suggestive messages. These darts they then threw from the flat roof of the school gymnasium into the adjoining Girls' School playground as the girls arrived for school. Some of the messages were so disgusting that the girls reported the matter to their Headmistress, Sybil Trubshaw, who immediately phoned me. I contacted Mr Jones, the gym master, who caught the boys red handed. So it was no surprise for them to hear their names called out at the end of assembly.
"Would Richards and Thomas from Form 2C report to the Headmaster's study immediately."
Whenever I had to deal with boys after assembly, I would always find a reason to delay returning to my study for ten to fifteen minutes. This meant that the miscreants had a period of anxious waiting in my secretary's office, enabling them to reflect on their behaviour and, no doubt, ponder on their probable punishment. From my own experience as a schoolboy I knew that the longer the wait outside the headmaster's study the more knots would be formed in one's stomach. A form of mental torture forcing you to endure the dreadful prolonged anticipation of an unavoidable painful experience.
When I finally arrived at my study I could sense their relief that the waiting was over but, as they followed me into my inner sanctum, I also sensed their trepidation, for they both realised they were in serious trouble and that they had been caught in the act. Denial would not wash and they also knew that I took a dim view of any activities that resulted in problems with the Girls' School next door.
My study was old and spacious and very much a man's lair. It was oak panelled with a large and well-stocked glass fronted bookcase filling one wall, parquet floored with a single well worn Persian carpet in front of my desk and a brown leather sofa to its left. Two matching leather visitors' chairs were placed in front of the desk and from my swivel chair behind it I could see the tennis courts through a bay window. Built before the days of central heating, the study had an open fireplace, which on cold winter days gave out welcome warmth from the burning of logs my secretary put on it. On the mantelpiece above the fire were cups and trophies and an old clock whose loud ticking and hourly chiming added to the room's atmosphere.
Also adding to the atmosphere of the room, on the left hand side of the fireplace, was a brass umbrella stand made from a Second World War spent artillery cartridge. Instead of umbrellas, resting ominously inside it were half a dozen crook handled school canes of

various lengths and thickness. Hidden from view in my desk drawer were a slipper and strap, implements I used on the younger boys or for relatively minor offences.
As they walked in I noticed the two boys' eyes fix on the umbrella stand, a fascination shared by all boys entering my study and, like so many before them, I was amused to see them both briefly put their hands on their buttocks as if giving a warning of things to come.
My approach to corporal punishment was simple – let the punishment fit the crime and make it hurt sufficiently that the 'criminal' would think twice before repeating his crime. Generally I preferred to use the cane as I have always found it to be the most effective of the tools available for inflicting corporal punishment.
Ideally I would have liked to use it on boys' bare bottoms to see exactly what impact it had but this was against the school rules. I therefore required the older boys to change into school sports gear – blue nylon T-shirt and matching nylon shorts before reporting to my study. As this was announced at assembly the whole school knew that any boys so summoned were in for a caning. They were not allowed to wear any clothing beneath the nylon shorts and thus suffered almost as much as if their bottoms were bare.
However for really serious offences shorts or trousers would be dropped and I would order the boy being punished to bend over and with one hand on each side of his underpants pull the sides up tightly so that they wedged between his cheeks leaving most of the buttocks uncovered. This was a highly effective position for punishment as the individual being caned had to pull on his underpants throughout his chastisement and so was unable to move or stand up.
I also liked to keep the boys on their toes (both figuratively and in reality) so that they could not anticipate my actions. Variety is the spice of life and so when a boy was due for a hiding from me he never knew quite what to expect until I announced his punishment. Whilst a traditional schoolboy six of the best touching their toes was often meted out, I would sometimes spank them over my lap or cane them stretched across my desk or bent over the leather sofa or over the back of a chair. If more than one boy was to be punished for the same offence then I would punish them collectively so that they could all see that I was treating each of them with the same degree of severity.
Boys were expected to remain in position throughout a punishment and not get up until told to do so. Any resistance or attempt to get up would result in a doubling of the punishment. The number of each stroke was to be called out after it had landed and when the punishment was over they were expected to shake my hand and thank me. Yelling out in pain or crying was however permitted and, in fact, expected – if during a caning a boy did not cry out then I knew I was not hitting hard enough. Even the older boys and Sixth Formers would howl out in agony when receiving a 'wedged six' given with a senior school cane.
I sat back in my swivel chair, elbows on my desk, twirling a pen between my fingers and watched Messers. Richards and Thomas across the other side of the desk, twitching nervously, eyes averted from mine, shoulders drooping, heads down and hands clasped behind their backs. They looked the quintessential naughty schoolboys. As second formers their regulation school uniform was a royal blue school blazer, white shirt and school tie, grey cotton shorts, long grey socks and black leather shoes. Out of school they were, of course, required to wear the school cap whilst in uniform and to doff it to passers by. Failure to do so, even for sixth formers, meant an automatic appointment in my study for six of the best. "So would you like to explain yourselves? What exactly were you doing on the gymnasium roof – a prohibited area to pupils? Who wants to speak first?"
Neither replied.
"Come on I have not got all day – Richards you go first – explain yourself."

"Sir it was only a bit of Valentines Day fun. We made some paper darts and wrote some nice Valentines Day messages for the girls to read. It was just a harmless prank. We are sorry if it has upset anyone or caused a problem."
"I can assure you that you will both be sorry by the time I have finished with you. Miss Trubshaw, the Headmistress, telephoned me to complain about your activities. Apart from littering her schoolyard and possibly hurting one of the girls if a paper dart had hit an eye, the so called nice messages were, in her opinion, rude and obscene."
"Sir that is not true!"
"Oh isn't it? Let me quote – "I'd like you to be my Valentine, you pull my pants down and I'll show you mine" or "Roses are red, violets are blue, suck mine slowly for a mouthful of goo" and worst of all "My hand's on your heart, my finger's on your clit, my chopper is erect so you know where to sit!". Obviously I must agree with Miss Trubshaw's opinions, these messages are rude and obscene."
"That's only because she is a dry old virgin spinster and you both are old fashioned and narrow minded!" Thomas blurted out suicidally
"I beg your pardon!"
"I don't think he meant to say it quite like that Sir. But older people are out of touch with the things we kids get up to today. I bet if you were to ask the girls who read the messages they would not have said they were rude and obscene. Only old people would react the way you and Miss Trubshaw have."
"Well Richards let me tell you something. Firstly it was the girls who complained to Miss Trubshaw about the content of your messages. You deliberately lied about them being nice Valentines Day messages – you knew they were crude and rude. Secondly you and Thomas are compounding your problems with me by being cheeky and rude about Miss Trubshaw and myself. We are the adults and as Headmistress and Headmaster we are paid to make the decisions on what is right and what is wrong for our pupils On this occasion we are in agreement and both consider that you deserve to be severely punished for what you have done. Before you lied and made your cheeky comments, I was going to cane you both – six of the best with your shorts lowered and Miss Trubshaw agreed with my decision. However in view of your lack of contrition, your lying and your cheekiness I have decided that you both will be slippered, twelve strokes each, and then given eight of the best with your shorts lowered. Do you have anything to say before I punish you?"
"Oh Sir, that's not fair. We really are sorry for what we did but surely it does not deserve such harsh punishment." Pleaded Richards.
"If this was your first visit to my study for misbehaviour I might be more lenient but you Thomas have been here on three previous occasions and you Richards I have already had to cane twice this year. It is clear to me that you both need a short, sharp shock to knock some sense into your thick heads and the way I intend to do it is to apply my cane to another thick part of your anatomies – your backsides. Now I do not intend discussing this any further and I expect you both to take your punishment without resisting or protesting. Is that understood?"
"Yes Sir." They replied in unison.
I stood up and removed the slipper from my desk drawer. It was an old size twelve gym plimsol, with a well worn synthetic rubber sole, its surface shiny with a patina resulting from years of contact with boys' backsides. Properly applied to shorts tightly stretched across a boy's bottom, it produced a satisfyingly loud crack and an extremely painful aftermath in the recipient's buttocks. I often would spank a boy with the slipper to warm his backside before administering a severe caning. Somehow this preliminary spanking enabled the boy to take a much harder caning than would be the case if he were caned 'cold'. So in the case of

Richards and Thomas I was actually being cruel to be kind to them. Their preliminary slippering would mitigate the serious caning that was to follow.

I strode round to the front of my desk with my black headmaster's gown flowing behind me and confronted the boys in an intimidating and authoritative manner.

"So, who wants to be first?"

They looked at each other apprehensively and then Richards stepped forward.

"I will Sir."

"Right, both remove your blazers and put them on the sofa. Richards move that chair to the middle of the carpet and then I want you to bend over my lap. Meanwhile, Thomas, you stand three feet away from the chair with your hands on your head and watch very carefully, for as soon as I have finished with Richards I want you to take his place."

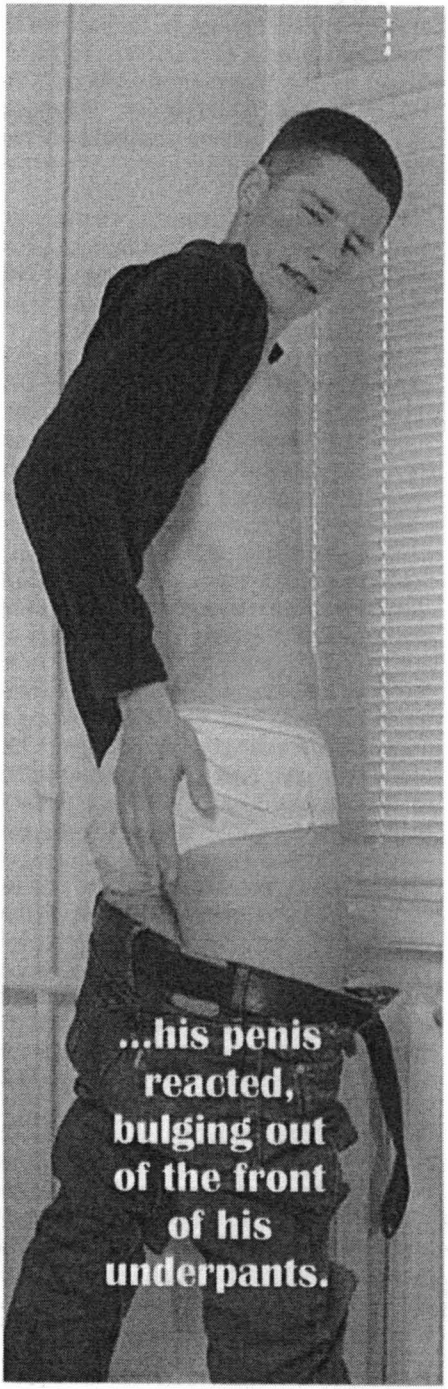
Of the two boys Richards was slightly taller and slimmer. A dark haired, good looking boy, who tended to lead rather than follow and I was in no doubt that it was he who had initiated the dart throwing escapade. In early adolescence, his voice was beginning to break, and a feint trace of a moustache adorned his youthful face. His interest in girls was another indication that he was passing through puberty and hormonal activity was almost certainly "stirring his loins" and promoting such interest.

I sat on the chair and made myself comfortable, rolled up the sleeve of my right arm and took hold of the slipper's narrow end. I motioned Richards to bend over my lap. Reluctantly he did so and I positioned him so that his hands were palm down on the carpet and his toes just touching the floor. This meant that his bottom was ideally placed above my right thigh with the thin fabric of his shorts tightly stretched across both buttocks. With my left hand I pulled and smoothed the fabric to eliminate any wrinkles and then yanked the waistband to make the shorts really taught, providing a superb body-hugging mould encasing both buttocks. He had a small but muscular bottom, firm and well shaped and an ideal target for my slipper.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes Sir." He whispered.

I must admit that I always got a certain amount of



satisfaction from giving a boy a good hiding. I liked to do it to the best of my ability and I firmly believe that the boys benefited from it. Not only did they experience considerable pain, which would deter them from repeating their offence, but also many deeply regretted getting into trouble in the first place and a sound caning provided them with a kind of catharsis to expiate their guilt. I likened a visit to my study for some serious corporal punishment, to visiting a Catholic confessional where the priest would forgive and absolve sinners from their sins. The cane can also be very forgiving. On leaving my study or the confessional an individual sinner could feel free from guilt. However, not being a Catholic, I believe a caning is a more lasting means of purging one's soul from guilt than the painless vocal admission of sin!

Richards' bottom was about to experience the cathartic benefits of my slipper. I raised it high above my head and cracked it down with considerable force into the middle of his bottom. This produced a gratifying crack on his shorts and a yell of pain from the boy. Before he could recover from the first stroke a second landed with equal force and produced the same effect. I slippered his bottom again and again until I had covered its entire area with six strokes and then I repeated the slippering until he had received his full twelve. He was crying real tears before I had completed the first six and by the time I had finished, he was wailing like a six year old and I told him so.

"Right Richards, you can get up and stop blubbing like a six year old. Put your hands on your head and change places with Thomas."

Red faced, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he stood where Thomas had, with his hands on his head. Throughout the slippering I had not paid much attention to Thomas, but as he moved forward to bend over my lap I could not help but notice that he suffered from the same problem that many males, including myself, experience when either giving, receiving or watching a spanking or caning – erectile dysfunction. Thomas was an inch or two shorter than Richards, red haired and freckle faced with just a little puppy fat to make his shorts very tight fitting. Erectile dysfunction brought on by spanking means that a male's penis swells and stiffens uncontrollably, without being touched and with no thoughts of sex. In Thomas's case his shorts were so tight that the outline of a very stiff six-inch penis was all too obvious. Clearly he was suffering from a serious dose of erectile dysfunction.

Nevertheless I ignored his little problem and, once I had him bent comfortably over my lap, I prepared to slipper his slightly fat little bottom exactly as I had slippered Richards'. His shorts were really too small for him and as I jerked up their waistband, the already close fitting cotton became skintight and I could feel his penis stiffen further against my thigh. I raised the slipper and whacked it with all the force I could muster into his buttocks. It landed with the noise of a gunshot and Thomas wailed out in agony. Again and again I cracked it into his burning bottom and he cried out even louder than his partner in crime. Each time the slipper landed his buttocks bounced up and down causing friction in the front of his shorts to further intensify the strength of his erection. As the twelfth stroke landed I ordered him off my lap and to wait next to Richards with his hands on his head. He did so but with acute embarrassment as his erectile dysfunction was now even more obvious and he blushed with shame. I made them keep their hands on their heads, as I did not want either of them to rub their bottoms before they received their caning.

Now the real punishment was about to begin. Whilst a slippering might be quite painful, a caning is in another league altogether. Properly applied it will produce exquisite agony and this is exactly what I intended the two boys to experience in fulfillment of their punishment.

I walked to the fireplace and carefully selected a three-foot long rattan cane from the brass umbrella stand. It was well balanced and extremely whippy and as I slashed it through the air several times, I was pleased to see the reaction this action produced on the faces of the

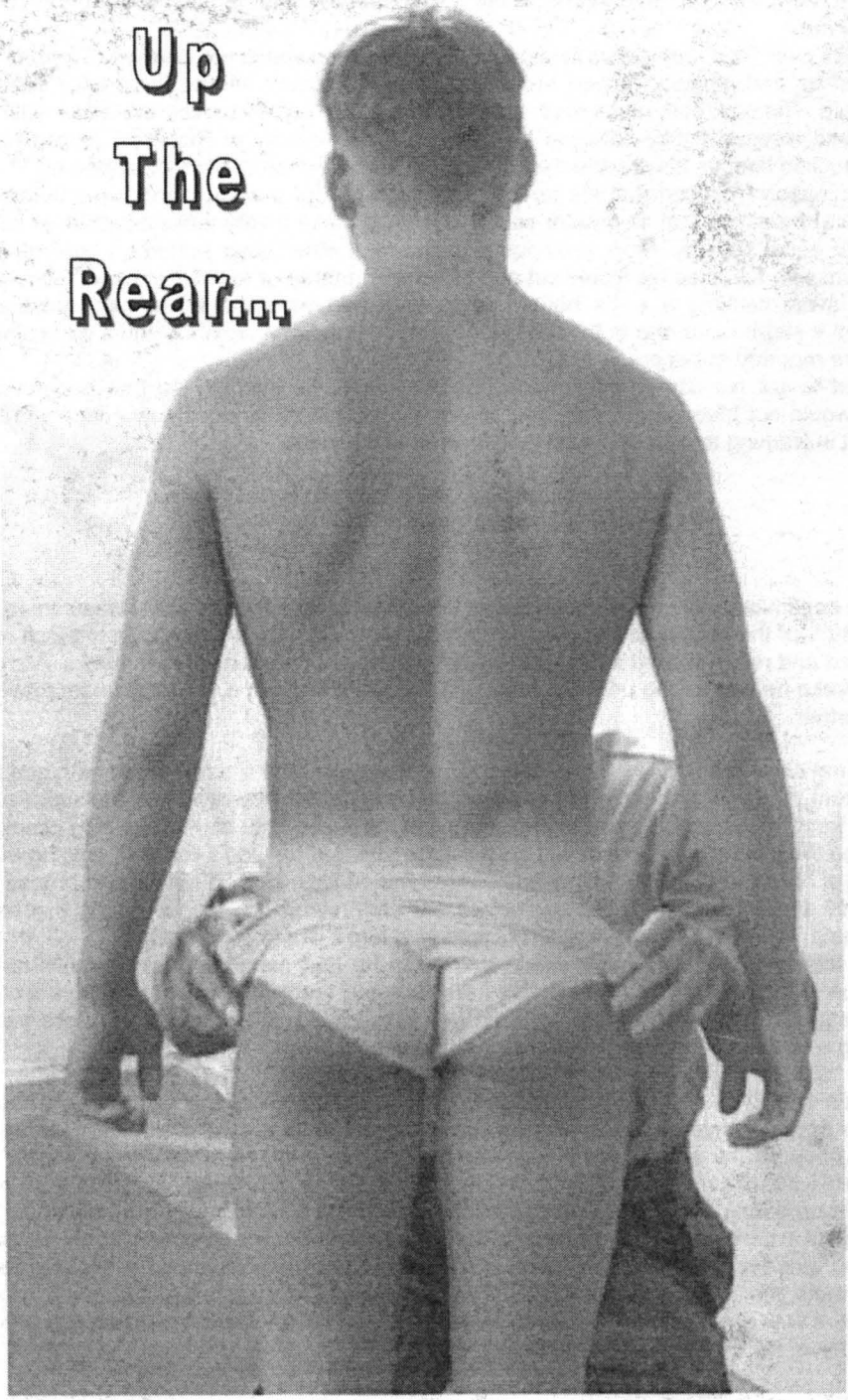
two boys. I think all boys would have displayed fearful trepidation at the prospect of being beaten with this cane.
I pointed the cane at Richards saying:
"I am going to cane you first. You will receive eight strokes across your buttocks with your shorts off. You are to remove your shoes, socks and shorts. Kindly undress now."
The boy obeyed and stood sheepishly awaiting my next command. As I wanted him to bend over and wedge his underpants between his buttocks, a touch toes stance was not possible. I decided to have him bend over the back of one of the visitor's chairs. I placed it in position so that I could get a full swing of the cane and then ordered him to bend over it. He did so and I used the tip of the cane to flick his shirttail up on to his back, exposing his white Jockey underpants.
"Now, without getting up, place a hand on each buttock and feel for the edges of your underpants. Good - now insert your fingers underneath and pull the material tightly to the base of your back. That is perfect. You are to remain in that position until I give you permission to get up. I expect you to call out the number of strokes received after each stroke has landed. Is that understood?"
"Yes Sir."
I tapped the inside of his legs to force them slightly wider, which left him on tiptoe. His almost bare bottom was high in the air and his face inches from the seat of the chair. Before applying a cane to a bottom that is effectively bare, I always examine the skin to make certain that there is no reason why it should not be caned. In my younger days I once caned a boy who had several serious boils on his buttocks. It was a messy, bloody business and one that almost caused legal problems with his parents. I ran my hand over Richards' smooth and hairless buttocks, which were bright red and still hot from his slippering. His skin was flawless and I decided that there was absolutely no reason why he should not receive the full eight strokes of the cane.
To his consternation I swished the cane a few more times through the air, causing his buttocks to twitch nervously, and then stood to his side and took aim, tapping the tip of the cane three times across the centre of his bottom. I then raised it high and wide of my right shoulder and flashed it down, scything through the air and into his buttocks. Swish! Crack! Scream! A dark red line quickly filled the initial white indentation left in his buttocks by the kiss of the cane.
"One, thank you Sir!"
The second stroke I landed half an inch above the first and he screamed out even louder. The third I placed half an inch below the first. I applied each stroke with full force causing the boy to jerk his legs behind him and shriek out in agony. Somehow he managed to call out the number of strokes after each had landed. By the time he had received six he was sobbing uncontrollably and begging me to stop. But I was undeterred as I was determined to make the last two strokes sufficiently memorable to cause him to think twice in future before getting into mischief.
Swish! Crack! Ouch!
"Seven, sob, Thank you Sir!"
For the last stroke I took a step back, swung the cane behind me and in one movement lunged forward and buried its tip in the most sensitive area just above where the buttocks meet the thighs. This caused him to yell out at the top of his voice and then collapse forward sobbing after a final cry of:
"Eight, thank you Sir!"
I examined his rear and was extremely pleased with the results of my performance. Eight parallel weals, red and purple and one almost bleeding, were spaced evenly apart from the top to the bottom of each buttock. As I trailed my fingertips across these sensitive, throbbing

furrows, I felt his bottom squirm and writhe. I was satisfied that he had received the caning he deserved.
"There, it's over. You may get up and get dressed and then watch me deal with Thomas."
He stood up and gingerly rubbed his bottom before dressing, all the time softly sobbing. Meanwhile Thomas had undressed and assumed the position over the chair with his underpants wedged tightly between his buttocks. The severity of Richards' caning had, I think, shocked him, as his erectile dysfunction problem seemed to have disappeared.
On examination I noticed that his bottom was even redder than Richards' was before his caning and I realised that its greater sensitivity would make it very difficult for him to take a caning of equal severity. From previous experience of other boys' bottoms I knew that if I caned him with full force his would cut and bleed within three or four full strokes. Generally I tried to avoid causing a boy's bottom to bleed. Apart from the mess and subsequent treatment it might need, the authorities were likely to condemn such incidents particularly if they were reported in the press.
I decided to get his caning over quickly and moderate its intensity so that hopefully his bottom would not bleed. I laid the cane across the middle of his decidedly caneable rump, tapped it in warning and for accuracy and then let him have it.

Swish, thwack, Yowl! – One Sir!"
Swish, thwack, Yowl! – Two Sir!"
Swish, thwack, Yowl! – Three Sir!"

And so I continued until he had received his full eight. Despite the fact that I was caning him at only 80% of the force I had applied when thrashing Richards, he was clearly much more distressed and really howled out in agony each time the cane cut into his buttocks. After the eighth stroke he was crying uncontrollably and his bottom was in a far worse state than that of his partner.

Despite my care, the last two strokes had cut into his skin and a small trickle of blood was oozing from the weals. I took out my handkerchief and dabbed the area until the subsequent swelling from the caning stopped the bleeding. I then rubbed both of his throbbing cheeks to help ease the pain away and was not surprised to see that his penis reacted, bulging out of the front of his underpants. I immediately ceased this activity, as I did not want to arouse him in front of another boy who probably would not understand his special needs. I made a mental note, however, that the next time I punished him it would be in private.
He was told to get up and get dressed and when he had done so I gave them a further lecture on the need for good behaviour. I also warned them that if either of them were in trouble again within the next two months then they would receive an even more painful thrashing – twelve of the best with the senior cane.

They then took it in turn to shake my hand, thank me and, walking with some difficulty, departed from my study. I replaced the cane in the umbrella rack, the slipper in its drawer and sat back on the sofa and relaxed. Beating boys was tiring yet exhilarating work and afterwards I usually allowed myself a few minutes alone to relieve any tensions that might have built up during a beating. I suspected that Thomas would be making a beeline for the boys' toilets where he would be taking his erectile dysfunction problem firmly in hand. Replaying their punishments in my mind and then contemplating Thomas's likely activities in the loo, there remained only one thing for me to do and that was to emulate him – as was often the case after caning the bottoms of naughty boys, I had a significant erectile dysfunction of my own to deal with! ◈

Bringing Up The Rear...